

ANECDOTES

RELATIVE TO OUR

AFFAIRS in GERMANY:

CARRIED BACK TO

The Debarking of the first *British* Regiment at
Emden; and brought down to the present
CRITICAL Time:

IN

A SERIES of LETTERS to
A NOBLE LORD in —shire.

AUTHENTICATED

By a Gentleman on the Spot, and confirmed by his
Correspondents here, during the War.

In this Tract is Elucidated

The NATURE of the FRENCH COMMISSARIATE;
and a PARALLEL drawn between THEIRS, and the
BRITISH COMMISSARIES.

AS ALSO

An EXPLANATION of the French EMBODIED MILITIA,
and a COMPARISON made, in Respect to OUR OWN.

Quæque, Ipse, miserrima vidi.

VIRGIL.

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AMERICAN

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By a Commission of the Secretary of the Interior
Correspondence from the Secretary of the Interior

In the Year 1880

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES
OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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A NECDOTES, &c.

Spring-garden, &c.

MY DEAR LORD!

YOUR lordship, *entre nous*, could not have imposed on me, a more agreeable task, than by desiring me to recapitulate my several detached pieces to you, sent at different times from Germany; as at the very same time I am happily recollecting the pleasure I had in your correspondence, during near a three years residence; not only in the theatre of war, but occasionally admitted behind the scenes there, so as to see each actor, as he, always, *was*; and not as he some times, *seemed* only.

But this agreeable task, as I call it, would perhaps, at any future time be otherwise.—Confined to my apartments, now (by maladies which wet straw, rotten canvas, and those other necessities which a tedious war have occasioned) I am happy to be thus employed, while thus a *medicinal* prisoner.—My acquaintance are few in London, and, o' course, I am but seldom interrupted.—I visit indeed by letter, those who are still reaping the *iron* harvests of the field; and though they can't return these ceremonies, punctually as ladies, I still repeat them; happy to cheer their gloomy hours, if possible, with a ray of *London* politics, and can well judge how pleasing *trifles* of this sort, though *light as air*, prove to them, by the pleasure I found in

B

what

what your lordship so benevolently communicated to me there.

I shall then, as there are more readers at * * * * than your lordship (for pray, admit the ladies occasionally, when there are any *distrestful strokes which our youth suffered*) I say, I shall antedate my little history so far back as the expedition to *Rockfort*; and, though my Memory may not so far befriend me as to recollect exact *dates* (for want of inspecting the collection you have from me, at so many different periods) yet, on the whole, I fear no critical remarks; well knowing your lordship's regard for me to be such, as to prevent any impertinent copyist sacrificing my reputation to his own necessities, by publishing what I could so well wish to remain only, within the walls of your peaceable, though defensible castle.

If any gentleman (not professing himself an *engineer* — But we gild ignorance in our service with strange and undeserved titles) had proposed the affair of *Rockfort* from a *patriotic* principle only, his mistake would have been pardonable — But the main-spring of this intended blow, was an officer, who having been becalmed in the *BAY*, on his return from *Gibraltar*, went ashore in the west of France; for what? Not to measure *Ravelins* and dissect *Fortifications*, but to see *Paris* at a cheap rate. His stop at *Rockfort* was truly accidental, and (which is unusual for the circumspection of *that* nation) the governor of the place was his *guide* — to answer some end, perhaps, which time (lord Bolingbroke's *physician* to brutes) will only reveal. — Not unlikely, to invite an expedition of this kind; in order to load us with expence and ridicule; for both those ends were particularly, though fatally answered.

It was pretty visible that the governor hummed him, as is the *cant* word, into the scheme; for, on the

the arrival of the armament (and a more gallant one never appeared) their motions stagnated at once, for want of that material piece of intelligence, whether the *Fossée* was a *wet* or a *dry* one; or, in other words, whether it could occasionally be swelled with water, few ditches being constantly filled, except in the *critical* hour of danger; and the reason discovers itself at once, *standing* water not only affording a bad *vapour* to the inhabitants, but often robbing the governor (for *governors* in most countries, are on the *same* plan) of his perquisite; namely, good kitchen-gardens, a very *lettable* estate always; the vicinity to the town, and the rich situation, by being occasionally *floodable*, making these patches of ground truly valuable.

From the moment, then, a ditch is *filled*, all improvements are at an end; sand and barrenness are the consequence of water; and the land-lord (call him *governor*, says the royal slave*) *loses* a year's income.—He will, therefore, hardly be singular in his loyalty, and keep his waters in constantly, unless ordered thereto (and sorely against his will, no doubt) the better to prevent a surprize.

But, though the expedition failed, and we went *up* the hill, and *down* again, according to a *trite* saying, yet a very happy occasion presented itself, to feel the *pulse* of a nation, then sick of all foreign schemes, except those to *America*, how far a single regiment might be sent to *Germany*.—Accordingly a young one (whose commander shines, and ever will, in the history of T—a C—a Ph—ps) was detached from the corps; and without re-touching their native shore, past on to *Emden*, the sea-port but not capital, of *East-Friesland*, then, and now, (when the French are not there) belonging to the king of *Prussia*—The reason given (for in politics there is one we *give*, and another we *keep*) was a dread of insurrection against the *magistrates* there,

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on a supposition that they, (the *Signiors* and heads of the town) pocketed much of the contributions the French levied on them, in their *last* visit, or (in other words) *raised* more taxes and money than they gave to the enemy; and, so, by a kind of collusion, between the *French* and *them*, became equally the enemies of the burghers and populace.

The bait was swallowed! the regiment entered; and, (as Mr. Rowe says in his *Fair Penitent*) "*Another and another after that.*"—Shall I conclude with him? And add, that the *last* fool was as welcome as the former;—for we fool away our money there, and our time too; I know the first, and fear the latter.

Having but one regiment in Germany, his excellency, the commanding officer, was, o' course, *commander in chief of all the forces in Lower-Saxony*; and the drums soon declared this; for the *Main-guard*, as I have been informed, being near the bridge, which was the only grand communication between the *old* and *new* town, three *officers*, three *drums*, and one hundred men, in one single day, while they saluted him eleven times, eleven times disturbed the inhabitants, who hate, as being an *bars* or *free* town, military power over them.—Though there were methods of preventing that trouble, by making a small *detour* to the right and left, and which marshal *Broglio*, the *marquis de Chartres*, and some princes of the blood, in garrison there some few months before, never required but once in the day, and that after the guard was relieved, and of course fresh, the better to go through these idle ceremonies.

But we generally, in the end, pay dear for our vanity; and I think the great cardinal *Rochfaulcault* observes, that most of the inconveniences we feel, in life, are owing to our endeavouring to *appear* what we are *not*.—The commander in chief one day

day riding an unruly horse, whom he made more so to please some young ladies of the house of Weissenburgh, a droll ensign, (nephew to a bishop *elect*,) saluted him so nimbly, knowing he should be forbid, if once he arrived near enough to *speake* to him, that he never desired any more *spirit-stirring drums*, or *ear-piercing fifes*, at least when he was on horse-back. — *N. B.* The youth had the private thanks of all his brother officers on the occasion.

Now to remove to *England* (and I shall change my scenes as suddenly and unaccountably, as *Shakespeare* does in some of his *Harry's*; and familiar letters, my lord, have this privilege)—The nation began to be as querulous and clamorous about the mistake of *Rockfort*, after such an enormous *expence* and *suspence*, as certain *Sunday* or *holiday* ambulators to *Chelsea* would, if their long wished for dinner was ill drest; and, for which their bill is equally exorbitant, as though all had been brought to perfection.—You may hear them all the way they walk home again, grumbling, not only in their stomachs for want of eating, but outwardly, for not having had their penny-worth, as they call it, for their penny.—So grumbled an whole nation!

A private gentleman, who had resided in the *West* of France above a year, undertook to rectify a *military* man's blunders, (himself not military by *profession*, though much so by *inclination*) by proposing to an intimate friend of his (lately raised, and deservedly, from his nobleness of heart, to the rank of nobility) a fresh expedition to *Rockfort*, which he himself would be present at; begging him to lay the same before Mr. P— (well knowing his connexion there)—But, after near two months, perhaps, seeming consultation thereon, either with his *pillow* or his *friend*, he gave for answer, “ The
“ person in question was at liberty to propose his
“ scheme to any one he pleased—Was obliged to
“ him

“ him for giving, to himself, the honourable preference—Wished him all imaginable success—
 “ but added, that he feared the nation was so disgusted and dejected, at the fatal disappointment
 “ of *Rockfort*, that they would have little, or no
 “ relish for attempting a second. Concluding that
 “ he hoped his name would be concealed,” &c.
 &c. &c. &c.—and gave his reasons, which were approved of.

This letter, my lord, was read (for even in matters of secrecy, our *cordial* friends must be consulted ; nor is it less secret for such a communication, while they remain faithful and in our interest) by our worthy and ingenious friends, Mr. *T—ke*, son of the member for the city of that name, and Mr. *H—ld* in Surry, who (then a student in the law) had chambers opposite the church-door of the Temple, and they may remember it. I mention this only to remove the sneers of certain animals *near* you, understood between us, who believe nothing (owing to the circumscribed and black letter of the law—their darling study ! for which they have not *evidence* ; to examine, and *cross* examine—or, in other words, puzzle and confound ! till they speak as they would have them—and not, always, *the truth from their heart* : which is not welcome in all cases.

Having free scope to propose his schemes elsewhere, and having raised (by perpetually examining his journals, plans, drafts and papers) ideas of glory and success, very natural to young politicians, he wrote a letter to the late duke of M—gh— (if your lordship sees at any time a spot upon the paper near his Name, imagine it an involuntary tear that escapes me, in spite of a two years oblivion, perhaps even from some of his kindred, when I think of a man who had an head to conceive, and an heart to execute every thing great and
 wor-

worthy of his name)—The Purport of this letter was, (for you only saw his *first* answer,) “ That a stranger to his *person*, though not to his *virtues*, had a scheme to lay before him, which should justly retaliate the unprecedented and almost unparalleled usage the French had shewn to the electorate of *Hanover*—unjustifiable even by the worst and severest of all laws—the *law of arms*! (a nick-name often for protected rapine, murder, and all those ravages which news-papers are but faint and languid *Depictors* of)—That, though he had often been solicited to lay the same before a certain great officer (of *French* extraction, and now *ennobled*) he had ever been uncompliant; imagining, however brave and faithful he might be to his royal master in *other* orders, here perhaps he might recoil by nature, or be tardy in the execution; or throw cold water on the intention, as the plan was to carry such devastation and destruction into the bowels of the enemy’s country. For though the *omne solum forti* may read well, under a coat of arms, ’tis not clear to me, whether any man willingly (however he must obey *orders*) would appear publicly against his *alma mater*.”

The sentiment was approved by the duke, on a meeting, which immediately followed; and there was little difficulty in supporting a friendship began so disinterestedly as this between his grace and our friend. The duke’s answer was truly noble—Your lordship often saw and admired the honesty and integrity of the *Stile*—“ I have just received your letter, and like the subject so extremely, that I shall be proud to converse with you. As incertain as my hours of leisure are, I will fix a time to hear what you have to say.—The surest time to find me is Sunday next, at eight in the morning. But if that does not suit you, I will wait on you *where* and *whenever* you please.”

Your

Your lordship may imagine the gentleman was punctual, and the affair being just at the time that the mysterious matter of Mr. *Barnard*, (and the threatening letters) was in agitation.—The Duke, as he afterwards informed this gentleman over a bottle did not know what to think of the first Interview; but imagined it a new finesse to execute a second edition of the *same* design. A few minutes removed this difficulty; for the plan being produced, and a journal of many months past in the *west* of France, his grace soon entered into a conversation, which held till noon, when mutually giving each other private addresses (so as to *elude* the busy world) all future meetings were at different places—and Mr. *Jackson* (then *maitre d'hotel* to his grace, who was in Germany with him, and lived with the dutchess at her death) may remember a long colloquy, one *wet* morning in the month of April, at *Blacklands*, with the duke up-stairs, when, on breaking up the meeting, his grace, on account of the rain (though it was at that critical time wrong to be seen *together*, and contrary to the plan settled, which was never to *know* each other in public) would take the person, understood between us, as far as the *Green-park* in his chariot, himself going to Kensington, in order to lay the papers before the king himself. It being agreed (to use the broker's language,) that none but *principals* should be treated with—for, said he, should the d—ke of *** know it, he would tell it in a *Whisper* to half the town, and then the other half would talk *aloud* of it.

There were meetings at *Ranelagh-house* in a morning (when that place is known to be a *desart*)—at *Sion-college*—in the gallery of *St. Paul's*—the *middle* and *inner* Temple-halls, &c. &c. &c.—all *public* places being, in fact, the most *private*. A back-room of a tavern (as often practised) is but an hazardous

zardous place for such meetings; the same waiter, who all the winter snuffs your candles (when perhaps they *least* want it, and o' course if you have wine enough on your table, and a rising reckoning from *eatables*, never comes near when they *most* want it) exhibits himself at *Vauxhall* or *Ranelagh* in the summer, and has just cunning and treachery enough to tell, if he over-heard any thing, ten times *more* than he knows.

I say again, my Lord, that *publick* places are the most *private*. If you are found there, an answer is at hand, "that you had never seen such or such a place, and a friend of yours had, with much persuasion, brought you there on that occasion." And the long gallery at *Betlehem*, though filled with madmen and fools, may on a political occasion find room for a man or two of sense and conduct.—

Such meetings never transpire — *Secresy* is the soul of action, whether in public or private affairs, — and a man, as the world goes, stands but a sorry chance of getting even a good *house*, or *horse* to his mind, much less a good wife, if a third person knows his real designs. Even doctor *Rock*, by experience of this kind, gives you *this* hint — though the motto of *cave et vale*, good elsewhere on *other* occasions, seems, in the physical way, to make *against* him.

To come now to the point, and sit down to our little *repas* of politics, after a ramble of this kind by way of *whet* to your appetite, the scheme of St. *Maloes* and *Cherburgh* were both concerted during several meetings in the month of *April*.—Mr. *Jackson* remembers but two meetings in *London*, namely at *Marlbro'* House on the Sunday Morning, and *Blacklands* on the Thursday following.—Most likely he will read this — and if so, he will remember the same person for three months, *incog*, at the castle of *Mervelt*, when our army encamped on the banks

of the *Lippe*, and saw their enemy, on the opposite hills, *deceiving* us with tents pitched for 80,000 men; when, in fact, they had not 40,000. *Conrades* was at that instant made a *Marshal of France*, perhaps for this stratagem,—I never heard any other merit attributed to him. The good duke, to my knowledge, (and the said gentleman, often told me the same) burned to be *at* them, as he called it, but was *subordinate*—Perhaps it would have terminated the war, and the harvest-home would have come on too soon for *some* people. I think I am sanctified by *Othello*, in calling it the *Trade of War*—dismal to the *Inferiors*, but the *Superiors* fatten themselves, however they famish and frighten others.

But I am not in *Germany* yet, at least not to stay there. The plan of *St. Malo*s can never be executed again with the *like* very favourable circumstances. Near 2000 gallant Britons were dragging their chains at *Dinant*, a town and *castle* about twelve miles from *St. Malo* on the road to *Remes*, and were intended to have been relieved; *spare* arms were carried for them, and the transports had a reserve for such *additional* persons,—and this would more easily have happened, as by the plan, a great mortality would have certainly ensued, had the place been taken as intended,—namely, by storm.

So prepossessed were the prisoners in the castle of *Dinant*, they were to be released, that they suffered afterwards for the *sneers*, *taunts*, and *irregularities*, which free Britons will exercise when they have or have not a prospect of liberty.—The *centries* were *trebled*; the bridges secured with *pallisades* and *chevaux de frize*,—such shouts and huzzas ensued, that often on hearing their own noise *re-echoed*, they fancied their countrymen near *St. Malo*s answered them—and when the ships were on fire, the light shone so conspicuously, that one and
all

all consented to break jail, and reach the duke of M——gh; but too eager in their designs, larger guards came in from adjacent towns, and per force they waited to be sent for, which unfortunately never happened. What a disappointment to hearts so elated at even a prospect of liberty!

One Mr. Evelyn, now a surgeon at Bellisle, was among the *joyial crew*, and Mr. Connell, lieutenant afterwards to the *Lissa Prussian* privateer, was present also, and made a part of the *orchestra*, with a bad fiddle, but better finger, to a grand dance of near 2000. The reader may easily conceive a scene of happiness, which with difficulty I should express, when such a number of men expected to see every hour a detachment from a victorious army, (as it might have been, but for ——) bringing them a general release from the most humane of mankind, Charles duke of Marlbro'.

Now, for a small digression, though in fact a part of the history: Prince Immen of Georgia, a volunteer with the duke, was the first who seized the *flambeau* to burn the shipping. Dryden's words, "that the king seized a flambeau," will I hope, soon be verified in that glorious young man, beloved by the duke, and very deservedly by all mankind. — He attended his grace into Germany, and got leave of absence to be present at the battle of Custrin; when the *Prussians* overthrew an host of *Russians*. — Of which, more hereafter.

After the death of *Kouli-Kahn*, this youth fled over the desert, and getting to our settlements in China, obtained a passage to Great-Britain: he fondly thought his moving and melancholy history was sufficient to claim our pity, (this sometimes happens) — but he failed, and he was forced to work as a labourer to masons and bricklayers, for common subsistence.

Over honest and eager to gain his wages, and thereby please his master, the poor prince on *overcharging* himself too much, or *lifting* what was out of his power, got a *rupture*; labourers now a-days seldom run these hazards; but great minds will discover their integrity, even under the pressure of heaviest misfortunes. He was cured in one of our hospitals; but few countries afford such plenty of refuge to the distressed, and quere if we have not too many by more than *one*. After his restoration to health, he gained his hard bread by carrying *letters* and *messages*; and such an oeconomist was he, that when the good duke, first found him and his merits out, he had not incurred a single *debt*; though his grace declared he wished they had been considerable, the *better* to shew his love to him.

I have often asked when at dinner in a wood at Mervelt with him, and one Mr. *Dinant*, once secretary to admiral *Byng*, and who was afterwards with colonel Graham, the commissary-general in Germany, how he lived in London, till providence raised him the duke of Marlbro'.—This history would break in too much on my allotment of paper, and your lordship's *time*, but in general he affirmed, that he made all his apparel himself from *head to foot*, and was his own *laundress*.—He is now perhaps at the head of a conquering army in the *East*,—and hope he will obtain what he deserves, and has a *right* to there, a diadem.

One anecdote more, and that a short one! the duke gave him an *horse*,—he sent it back with much humility and thanks, saying, he had one, though not so excellent—yet was content.—His grace in my hearing, said with his usual beneficence,—hang your proud heart,—*we princes* should not think of these things with one another.—So much for prince *Immen*, and all happiness attend him in the *East*.

Now

Now for St. Maloes. The Scheme was to have landed our men *at*, or *near*, the fatal (as it afterwards proved) St. Cas, and so to have made a small *detour* in order to reach *Dinant*. The unlucky winds alone hindered *this* part of the operation; but as a number of *scaling-ladders* were in the fleet, the intent was to have taken it by *escalade* on the sea-side, when the tide was at *ebb*, at which time, there being no ditch, you might fix your ladders to the very *walls*, and being all a firm *sand*, at night the affair might have been accomplished; the advantage accruing from there being *no* ditch was considerable, as by *that* means, no part of the ladder was *wasted* in its height, and which would be the case when half was under ground, as in common fortifications;—besides a further one, that in case of a *failure*, the ladders might be taken *away* easily, which would not be the case in a *fosse*, where they, most likely, must be left behind.

It came to light afterwards, when too late, that the town was weak in troops, and the inhabitants very confused, and ready to give up, rather to the duke of M——gh perhaps, than any *other*; as his generosity in returning a great deal of *private* property, had as much gained upon the principals as the populace.—But at the very time when all was ready, the inferior in command threw cold water on the attempt, and gave reason to imagine, and which on the duke's return was cautiously, but strongly hinted to more than one, that the same person would one day or other give more public proofs that the *cabinet* was rather his province than the *field*.

The troops returned with honour—bravely, as willingly, executed all that lay in their power; and what enriched his glory, was, that scarce more was lost than from the common mortality of nature in such a number, and in such a number of days.—

Our

Our light horse now first appeared in their useful character, and a large camp between *Rennes* and *Nantes*, on the causeway, being in motion, and *St. Maloes* not affording us the intended shelter, all was at sea again, and with an intention to take *Cberburgh*; but this seemed reserved for one of the royal family, as it afterwards was gloriously and happily proved; — for the weather now, and scarcity of provisions, hindered the attempt. The troops are again on *English* ground, and though no knights were made, as expected, yet no thanks to his majesty. One P——r T——r, a silversmith, P——n B——r, &c. &c. first got the name, *only*, of gentleman.

We are now, my lord, come to that *era*, hang dates among friends, and that stile and title your lordship gave me public and private. — When the troops came back to *England*, flushed with a conquest equal to the circumstances of affairs, and P——r T——r returned with the title of gentleman. Whatever turn the movements and cabals of the cabinet had, *time* soon (and indeed it was a *short* time) revealed, that G——y was the point in view, ever since the debarking of the fifty-first regiment at *Emden*. Three regiments of cavalry, the *Blues*, *Blands*, and I think *Cholmondely's* or *Mordaunt's*, passed in review before the king in *Hyde-Park*, and the nation at once were *publicly* convinced of what they had long *privately* suspected, — namely, that like a generous swimmer, we had plunged into the river to save a certain *drowning* hero; and in the friendly, but fatal experiment, have at length perhaps almost *drowned* ourselves.

Now for a small digression. — However the alliance of the court of *Berlin* with *Great-Britain* was brought about, few people (even of the very best politicians themselves) can venture to affirm; so unaccountable it seemed, and still seems to us.

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A private correspondence with earl M——nt, formerly ambassador at his court, and a man of genius, or in the literary way with lord L——n, a man of learning also, perhaps set the first spring in motion, which afterwards governed the *whole* wonderful machine. But it was strange that so small a distance *since*, as the year 1752, myself was a witness how slightly he behaved to the English, passing to or repassing from *Berlin*. One anecdote, my lord, will prove what I have, seemingly with rashness, advanced.

The *opera* at court opening with a *chorus*, very different from those performances in general, which commonly present you at first sight with a *love-sick* princess, or *banished* hero, the curtain, in the *burry* of uplifting that necessary and useful machine, stuck at about a *yard* from the ground. Lord G——y, a Scotch nobleman, being then near the king, and seemingly the only person of our nation he had been in any wise intimate with, was beckoned to, and accordingly approached him, who between *jest* and *earnest*, said, See my lord, an excellent emblem of your country, — there are very good *legs*, but no *heads*.

One anecdote more; and as *Otello* the Wife-Strangler says, *That's my last*. The chevalier *Taylor* happening to pass that way, with an *eye* to be *oculist* to his majesty, at the very time that Sir C——s H——y W——ms was not accepted as ambassador from us to that court, though sent express, but treated with that public contempt, as to pass on privately to *Dresden*. — I say the chevalier *Taylor* got admittance to the king; and his majesty, looking on him as a kind of *spy*, a light which some persons have unkindly given him to shine in, when he is sufficiently illustrious in others, very circumspectly, first asked him what brought him to the court of *Berlin*. Decked out with equipage, and
larded

larded with dress, the chevalier answered in any language the king chose — (himself and the knight speaking *all*, as some people play on all instruments, without *excelling* in any) That as he had the honour to be oculist to so many princes, the Pope not excepted, he humbly hoped that he should have the honour to be eye-doctor to his Majesty. — Mark the sequel, master *Ford*! The king said, that next day at noon his *patents* should be ready. The chevalier most faithfully attended, and the king said, Sir, you have great merit; the world, even in this cold and inhospitable corner, is not silent in your so deserved praises. You are from henceforth *my* oculist; but thank heaven my eyes are in good order, and I don't want your assistance; and as for my people, I am the common parent of all my subjects, and therefore as I love them, do not chuse you should touch one of them or their eyes. You are, as I said before, my *own* oculist, I want you not, and so depart the kingdom in eight hours.

The chavalier now first tasted the nature of military honors, having an escort of dragoons to attend him till the extremity of the kingdom presented itself; and though he prayed time to pack up his eyes *numerically* and *alphabetically*, yet no favour was granted of that kind; and any one with *half* an eye can see the reason. — If not, the *chevalier* will couch them. —

Yet notwithstanding all this, the unexpected, and I might add, unnatural alliance, was formed — Our king's birth-day, or rather *night*, was hardly visible while *Prussia's* monarch inflamed every street of the city and suburb. The usual court channel of the *excise* was opened also to spread his fame at every *ale-house* in the country, by which means the *parson* and *justice* (generally *residentiaries* there) caught the contagion, and spread it among those who take for *gospel* what one says, and for sound *statute* law what

what the other affirms, without knowing whether *Prussia* was an island in the *South-Seas*, or a promontory near the *North-West* passage; whether *Berlin*, like *Palmyra*, was a ruin in the desert, or *Brandenburgh* and *Magdeburgh* new baptized provinces in *North-America*. Every lady immediately drank *Prussian* tea, and every foot-soldier right *Prussian* puri, and *Silesian Geneva*. Though no friend to the sex, (if report says true) the women called him the dear man. — And so they did M^cClean (the unfortunate hero) when he went the high road to destruction and dissolution.

A circumstance, very accidentally so, much increased this unaccountable, and almost unprecedented frenzy, more particularly among the females. An act was passed, that an *India-man* of his, which could not safely go to *Emden*, was to sell her cargo at *London*. Every tea-pot now smoaked with *Prussian congo*, and no fan would flirt with an air which did not come out of the bowels of this famous ship. The *Grave-Digger* in *Hamlet* better accounts for this turn of mind among us, than I can venture to do, and to him I refer you.

M——ll, who had before only lived in a first, and sometimes a second floor, now began to be an *house-keeper*; and not long after, a young nobleman of *Prussia* arrived in a full character, with which he is still invested: I mean the baron de K——en.

But besides, in order to keep up the *shuttle-cock*, several private puffers from *Prussia* resided in different parts of the town; the better to aid, assist, and water this growing flower of glory: in *Fen-church* buildings a phylician from the dutchy of *Cleves*, gave entertainments, and mingled in the pit to chaunt the praises of his monarch. He was a *Jew*, and being a native of *England*, originally, was a proper person to be thus capitally employed. An-

D

other

other lived near the *Meuse*, and at coffee-houses harangued more on *Frederick III.* than ever *Frenchman* did on *Louis the XIV.* in all his mad current of prosperity. I think we have a comedy among the collection, called *a Mad World my Masters*. It seems still to have a *run* among us, and be played with success.

A tolerable army of *horse* and *foot*, the names of regiments I leave to news-paper-historians, and paragraph copyists, having debarked at *Emden*, the port of East-Friesland, in order to act under Prince Ferdinand on the *Lower Rhine*, it was no small honour to our country, that *three* noblemen of distinguished rank, appeared in *capital* stations there. Indeed, never has history produced instances of such ardor, as the flower of our nobility and gentry have shewn from the very beginning of the war. And though it was once an almost received notion, that an admiral or general must be 60 years of age, to be what they then called *experienced* and *great* commanders; yet the fallacy of that opinion has been discovered, for the most gallant and signal actions have, both by *sea* and *land*, been performed by almost *youths*. Happy are we to be so undeceived! as the number is greater to *chuse* from than formerly, when a few full-bottom'd, toothless, and perhaps *senseless* officers, relicts by dint of survivorship of an antiquated war, governed even the *masters* who appointed them, made their own *terms*, and often *picked* and *culled* their own favourite and peculiar expeditions.

The common cant expression then was, that "*such a one served in all the wars in Flanders*;" or sometimes, the word was changed, "*that he was abroad in all queen Ann's wars, and served under prince Eugene or the duke of Marlbro'*". And so he might, at 500 miles distance, guarding an *hospital* or *magazine* of hay. The present sprightly and enlightened age,
and

and posterity will read with *our* eyes, have seen all these antiquated and *cautious* genius's superseded by your *Wolfses, Barringtons, and Ambersts.*

By way of small digression! I think one of these very great commanders, whether by *sea* or *land*, is not material, was an evidence against the all-worthy doctor *Ward*, in the cause about a nuisance at *Twittenham*, occasioned by that great chymist's *elaboratory* being planted there. He had been abroad too in all the wars of *Flanders*, had seen half an hundred towns taken, or at least *bombarded*; and yet by dint of a long retirement from the military, at a *Tusculum* built perhaps from soldiers *short* pay, — he swore he could not bear the smell of *sulphur*, though gun-powder had been his favourite *prisé de tabac* for above 20 years, if you had heard him talk of his feats on the Rhine.

Talking of soldiers *pay*, (you see, my lord, that mine is rather a *rhapsody* than *history*,) the officers in *Germany*, for near a year, reigned the exchange-settlers and *rectifiers* of the price of *ducats*; — and though the English *six-pence* was fairly worth 10 *stivers*, yet it was settled (*nem. con.*) that a soldier was too rich, and o'course would grow saucy or unweildy in his exercises, and therefore should not have above *two-pence-halfpenny*, or *two thirds* of his pay. Cruel determination, when on *foreign* ground, eating the hard bread of necessity, and drinking what was worse than simple water, either *sour* or *new* beer. However, one *McIntosh*, an invalid at *Emden*, plucked up a spirit, and wrote a letter to the commander in chief, that he hoped the poor soldier might be paid *ad valorem* of the ducats; and they themselves to get the *profit*, if any such should *accrue*. — The fellow did carry his point — they have been paid ever since as his gracious majesty's royal and benevolent intention is. — But unluckily, the commanding officer ordered no *retrospect*, only with

regard to the *future* payment; — by which means many a poor soldier, wounded and discharged from the service, would not want a bed to lye on now, or a *warm* waistcoat on the approaching winter, if he had his *due*. — Namely, about twenty shillings a man. —

You may depend on it, my lord, that poor *McIntosh* was a *mark* character for *applause* among his *comrades*, — for *revenge* among his *superiors*. — A very few days *after*, the fellow, giving only a common answer to his officer, and leaving out the usual *stile* and *title* of your *honour*, was set down as a person giving out a *mutinous* expression, and was *punished* accordingly at a certain garrison, where *rewards* happened but *occasionally* and by *caprice*, but *severity* was *constant*.

However, the commander in chief lost himself afterwards! in this single point, and many others no doubt, but that they are smothered by the overwhelming affair of the first of *August*; he got the *love* of the *whole* army — the soldiers I mean — your own judgment will inform you not the *officers*. — Let *truth* be known; and as when the world smiles not, few *visits* are paid, or *praises* chanted, I think it but just to his character to name him at length in *this* place — however *initials* must serve on *other* occasions. — This just steward for the *poor*, *injured*, and o'course *helpless* soldier, was lord George Sackville. —

One should think when the articles of war are so strict, compiled by an all-benevolent *king* — ratified by his *authority*, and sanctified with his *name*, and when the *stake* of their commission is so great, on any the least embezzlement of a soldier's *pay*, that strict, nay the strictest regard should be paid to the *soldier*, as their own *interest* is so nearly concerned; for on the secret being *divulged*, an officer might fall into infinite *contempt*, if not forfeit his *commission* —
but

but numbers sanctify oppression—Pity would ensue, if an officer's necessities were such as to force him to such shifts; to raise, as *Brutus* calls it, *such rascal counters, and wring from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash by any indirection.*—But we find these perquisites, as they are commonly but unjustly called, are often but to increase their *luxury*; and one of these very officers had near 2000 *l.* per annum, *income or estate*, by a lucky marriage, while he was extracting *doits* from almost superannuated necessity *.

The little *British* army, for it has since that day been considerably increased, marched very *cautiously*, though in *forced* marches, to join prince *Ferdinand*, then at *Coesfeld* in the bishopric of *Munster*—There was more than a probability that the French would have *prevented* this junction, by a push made from the *Rhine* over the bridge near *Wesel*, when they met with a shameful repulse from a party of the *Allies*, much their *inferior* in numbers. The affair is well known, and whether we went to the *right* or the *left*,—whether the land was intersected with *canals* or crowded with *defiles*, (the jargon of every *corporal* now, and the finesse of every commander to heighten his *difficulties*, and o'course his *praise*) it is plain we *prevented* their designs, and the duke of *Marlbro'* made, as was the very expression, an *happy* junction with prince *Ferdinand*.

It must be from a thirst to learn the quintessence of the art of war, that the duke would go to *Germany*, where he was *subordinate*, when in all expeditions to *France*, he would have been the *commander in chief*. I believe the *answer* is at hand; his ancestor's *name* had been great in *Germany*, and he was desirous of beaming back fresh glory to the title of *Mindleheim*.—Though this may be a *surmise*, it is an honourable one.—

The French being now in full possession of the rich dutchy of *Cleves*, *Juliers* and *Bergue*, and some other

* M—j—r B—wn.

other *Prussian* territories, kept an exact ballance of all their friends and allies suffered, and settled the account by oppressions on those countries; but, with an insolence too natural to that people, when they are uppermost, they did unwarrantable mischief in *Cleves*—The very magnificent *avenues*, which, for so many years had been the cause of resort to many travellers, were destroyed—The king's physician there, one Dr. *Adolphus*, used, when he retired to *Nimeguen*, famous for the treaty, and contiguous to *Cleves*, to receive with a sneer, *nosegays* from his own *orangerie*, in the city of *Cleves*—And, once, when I was with him, a letter brought him an inclosed list of rules for an *assembly* and *grand dance*, which the dragoons of *Clermont* held in his grand *Saloon*. The so fatal battle of *Crevelt* occasioned much of this revenge; and so ashamed were the very individuals of that most inglorious day, that a French serjeant being necessitated to have his leg cut off above his *knee*, the fellow bore it with infinite resolution;—but when they would have taken away his leg, with the gayter upon it, he desired them to give it him—When *unbuckling* it very carefully, though streaming with blood, he said, the *gayter* is my *own*, the leg is my king's—And holding it up, added, “Many a weary step have you trod for your master, but this was the *filliest* step you ever took.”—Dr. *Adolphus* was present in friendship, to attend the operation, and told me the fact at his own hospitable table.

The *campaign* remained (after the affair of *Roes* and *Emmeric*)—remarkably inactive. The *Lippe*, a pretty clear stream, not wider than the Thames, as it runs through Oxfordshire, and at whose head is the city of *Lipstadt*, divided two fine armies—The French having the *Rhine* at hand, and, of course, much plenty; were, perhaps, cautious of quitting an advantageous ground that covered *Flanders*, and made the

the dutchy of *Cleves* a kind of *barrier* to it. Another reason might be, that they had original *fine charts* of all the land, even to *Frankfort*, as marshal *Luxembourg's* memoirs will inform any one who is curious—and, on the opposite side, perhaps, were not so very conversant. *Contades*, as I said before, got the *Bâton*, and great compliments passed, I well remember, when a *trumpet* was sent to apprize prince Ferdinand of that important addition to his *dignity*—The ceremonies among generals, at a time of *general* destruction, are but too *particular*.

Could the French have been *separated*, though not *routed* here, it is likely the plan of military politics would have been greatly changed; the seat of war would have been on a more natural spot, the environs of the *Rhine*—But, perhaps, the great general, Ferdinand, invited the enemy in the following campaign so far from home, that the victory of *Minden* might be more conspicuous, and their return more tedious and difficult. But, in general, considering the great expence and length of wars, it is observable that more fall by *fatigue* and *sickness*, than the sword—and that skirmishes, though in the end equally *destructive*, are never *decisive*. Armies are now so extended, and so loaded with what *Cæsar* so properly calls * *impediments*, that however willing *one* side or the other may be to *meet* their opponents, it is seldom they *both* are in the same mind, the same day—and when they are, it is even seldom that the ground falls out so as to engage the *whole*.—Thus, years are *wasted*, treasures *consumed*, changing from the *right* to the *left*, extending their *front* towards this or that town, which by being in *foreign* names, read mighty pretty in an English *news-paper*; and, hardly a battle is fought, but some how or other, from a want of necessaries, by the interception of *convoys*, or tumbling on each other in *marching* and *counter-marching*; when from a *skirmish*,

* Impedimenta.

mish, often some unexpected, and perhaps, un-
wish'd battle ensues.

Mr. Rowe, in the mouth of Tamerlane, very
justly calls it "*That fell monster war*;" and I have
often reflected what pity is it that clear streams, in-
tended for the *delight* equally as *utility* of the coun-
try, whose banks they have—or peaceable bye-lanes
originally contrived for the honest husbandman to
reach his inner grounds, should by an accident of
the first occupier (for this makes all the difference,
and often creates all the glory) be disturbed with
armies, and harrassed by *licensed* plunderers.

But not to shew the dismal scene only, his grace
the duke of *Marlbro'*, at a *still* and *idle* time—and
in order to shew what happy subjects we are at
home, entertained prince *Ferdinand* with a whole
day of English amusements. A *race* began,—
wrestling, *cudgelling*, *boxing*, &c. concluded. The
Germans stared, and perhaps *envied* us the difference
of countries and situations.—Freedom, though
transplanted to the banks of the *Rhine*, shone clear
on every Englishman's forehead; and his grace en-
couraged it, as *Shakespeare* stiles it, by touching
often the *base string of Humility*.

It was during this camp on the *Lippe*, that the
French made a very grand and particular *feu de joy*
for the unfortunate affair of *St. Cas*. An affair
which, as it is since found, when too late, might
have ended much to our *glory*, and the ene-
mies *disgrace*.—For a small bridle way between the
rocks, sufficient for four a-breast to have marched
in order, would have led us by a detour of two
English miles, so as to have got the French in our
own very unhappy situation,—namely, between
us and the *sea-strand*.—The same gentleman I think
was present here who appeared at *Rockfort*.—We
are often liable to mistakes—when they only affect
ourselves, the circle of ill consequence describes
itself

itself but small—but when a nation is concerned —
 “*plectuntur adhiberi.*”

The *feu de joye* beginning about four in the afternoon, and in a very particular manner—namely by *platoon* firing, and in battalions before the *running* fire came on, an hour afterwards, gave great reason to imagine that the French had passed the *Lippe*, and attacked our advanced camp under the hereditary *prince*, and the marquis of *Granby*—But the trick was soon discovered. My opinion (being a young campainer) was nothing—but I remember col. T——n, a most venerable and worthy person—both as a gentleman and soldier, then commanding *Bland's* dragoon-guards, thought the same;—and rising from his chair with an alacrity very unusual at 70, said, This is *business*. Said gentleman is now, I think, retired, after a life of integrity and honour, to a *villa* near *St. Alban's*,—looking back on his past life, services, fatigues and dangers, as persons happily *landed*, do on the shipwreck they left behind,—and which they never wish to *board* again!

Since I have mentioned the affair of *St. Cas*, (I mean the enemy's rejoicing thereon) I shall just glance at the intent of *that* scheme. The great point, then, in view was *St. Maloes*. Pity that the detour of *Rennes* and *Dinant* could not be made the *route*. A feint of that kind, as if passing on to *Nantz* or *Port L'Orient*, and a sudden *return* upon the town by the high road, might easily then have taken the place by *surprise*. At present the alarms have been too frequent. Every school-boy is trained to arms,—the very women are made useful on the *ramparts*:—for schemes of *war* (like those of *love*) seldom, if once they *fail*, can answer in the *same* place again. The *design* of a fortune-hunter once *blown*, there is no remedy but his *decampment*.—

E

Changing

Changing the *scene*, and beginning *afresh* in a new part of the world.

The success of *Cberburgh* rose in fame, not only from the loss to the enemy, but in proportion as a *lively* branch of the royal family was permitted to be gratified in his most eager desires to attend the expedition—why the ill success of *St. Cas* should smother all the glory general * * * obtained at the former place, is not my business to determine.—The *unfortunate*, as well as the *absent*, says Roch-faulcalt, are always in the *wrong*.

So far from thinking to *increase* the troops in Germany, as I have been told, it was even imagined the few that *remained* there the first campaign, would soon be recalled.—Great ideas of assistance arose from the king of *Prussia*'s rapid success against the *Russians*, at *Clustrin*, and the *Austrians* in many places,—that every voice was heard to say, “oh! but the king of *Prussia* will certainly *aid* and *assist* us with at least 20,000 men.” Many people waited with impatience the *arrival* of these gallant troops; but if they are ever to assist us they still are on the *road*—and their junction, though so *wished* for, will be too late perhaps to serve or *save* us.

After the battle of *Clustrin*, the king of *Prussia* sent a sample of the troops he had conquered to prince Ferdinand. The figure of one of them (a *Calmuck*) was very *grotesque*, but the fellow under his *rough* disguise had a good *heart*, at least he appeared so, for he lamented the miseries of war in general, and said, the overthrow of his royal mistress's army was a *judgment* from heaven, for invading a neighbour's country without any just provocation.—This was spoke publicly at *Dulmen*, prince Ferdinand's head quarters, when examined by the duke of *Marlbro*'s secretary, who had formerly been in the *Russian* service.—Col. B——n.

If one may judge of their *whole* army by the *samples*, and no doubt the *best* were sent on such an occasion, when every soldier's curiosity was alert to see the nature of *Russian* troops—They appear very *heavy* and unweildy,—their principal merit is an attachment to their officers, superior to that of an *Higbland* clan,—their artillery is allowed to be in excellent order, and so *numerous* withal, that marshal *Saxe's* words may perhaps be verified one of these days—namely, that all battles will be determined by *heavy* artillery.

In the department of their *ordinance* (as a reason why they so excel) they encourage all *foreigners*, and reward them according to their merits. — Many of their engineers are *French*, many *Austrians*, some *Scotch* and *Irish*, and many *Italians*. The king of *Prussia* felt the *weight* of this argument at *Frankfort* on the *Oder*—having but too much slighted artillery to shine in the *Manœuvres* of small arms.

As I have spoke of *Clustrin*, give me leave, my dear lord, to mention an anecdote, to shew how wonderfully providence, and by what *unseen* methods he pleases, brings about great events. — The present king of *Prussia*, every one knows, was a *state* prisoner at the castle of *Clustrin*. From the windows of that lofty building you discover the whole *adjacent* country.—But as the sense of his crime abated, he had the liberty of taking the air, and returning at *night*. By being confined to this small circuit, no doubt he was a better master of the *passes*, *defiles*, and other circumstances attending this particular country.—It so happened many years after, or such was the will of providence, that the place of his *misfortune* and *sorrow* should be the spot of his *glory*,—for no battle was ever more gallantly *fought*, or more signally *obtained*.

It is most likely, as this country is rather swampy and unpleasant, the king might never have *seen* it

but on a journey in his way to other cities or countries.—It is well known he gained the victory by understanding the ground *better* than the enemy—the source often of more conquests than artillery ever so well pointed, or musquetry ever so nimbly *maneuvered*.

Before I take leave of *Clustrin*, let me mention a little incident that will remove some scandalous *ideas* of the king's character, almost carried to the harsh degree of publickly *mentioning* them,—namely, his aversion to the *female* sex, because of the unhappy separation from the *bed* only, though not the *affections* of his queen.—The reasons are variously told, and with unkindness most of them; it would take up too much of my limited paper to recount them; and it would be a breach of *trust* should I tell what I have heard from his *own* connections—the most delicate and honourable of them which may be mentioned, is, that he ever looked on the state as the only circumstance where *choice* should guide;—and not having that choice, unhappily for the lady, their affections *only* are united.

The respect he pays all her brothers (prince *Ferdinand* being one) still seems more particular.—The *public* respect to her, which she would wish to be in *private* also, heightens the mystery;—all couriers go to her first,—she has the first reading of all letters, either of *business* or *amusement*;—no circumstance of splendor or magnificence is wanting at her court;—she feels for his *safety*,—he for her *welfare*, *happiness*, and *prosperity*;—and yet something *more* is still wanting to compleat the happiness of the *woman*, though not the *queen*.

As a proof that he is not averse to the state, in others, it has been known, when a lady in *Berlin* has had an affection for her *superior*, or (*vice versa*) a gentleman of *rank*, *family*, and *fortune*, has fixed his affections on one *beneath* him, so as *both* or *either* do
despair

despair obtaining their wished-for happiness, — that the king has generously made up the difference of their *worldly* fortunes; and with a soul *equal* (for nothing can be superior to our countryman) to the great duke of *Buckingham*, has said when he has undrawn his purse — Be *happy*, if I am not.

But, my dear lord, since we have travelled together as far as *Clustrin*, give me leave to dwell a few minutes longer there; since I never will carry you so far *north* again. The king finding in the same *Bastile*, a mixture-general of philosophers, civilians, musical professors, for even harmony and the muses escaped not the rod of *Frederick the II.* Some deep mathematicians, and general officers, immediately laid aside all distinction—called them *brethren* in adversity, and *fellow-sufferers*—told them that imprisonment, like the *grave* levelled, all rank and ceremony; and thereupon, an *academy* was formed, to which he owes all that he knows, and indeed the best of his knowledge—The minute-hand of time now went nimbly on; *hours* became *moments*, *days* single *hours*; and this dark imprisonment was gilded at once, with the sunshine of knowledge and improvement—Misfortunes are often the *keys* which *kindly* open the *doors* to our happiness.

A piece of gratitude here is to be spoke of to his praise; the daughter of the deputy-governor was of his *intimate* acquaintance—*Mutual* civilities and friendships passed, during the *seeming* confinement—for liberty, as it is said, first appeared on *knowing* this beautiful lady. Many years after the king's departure, she married against her father's consent, to a *quarter-master* of horse in that service, a man of *rank*—and we have an instance of it in our *blue-guards*, where the quarter-masters are commissioned officers.—On his obtaining the crown, or rather, *succeeding* to it, the lady on a *moderate* application,

plication, got her husband appointed to a better post—and on the king's possessing *East-Friesland*, he immediately proved the king's favour, by getting the first appointment in the province, namely, *president*, or *vice-roy*; his name is *Lentz*.

He lived in a small *maison de plaisance* of the king's, till his first arrival, agreeable to the king's private order. On seeing a family about him, his majesty pretended a surprize, declaring, he never knew that he was *married*. Immediately, ordering him into the great palace at *Auric*, capital of *East-Friesland*, the king begged pardon of the lady, for having so ill accommodated a person of her, and her husband's rank so long—and having dismantled the castle there of the twelve apostles in *silver*, returned to *Berlin* with them, saying "The apostles never staid long in a place; but generally travelled and moved about."

The two *camps* remained as before—the river *Lippe*, by agreement, serving them mutually, for the conveniences of finding water for their horses and their *menage*. An occasional interception of some few *convoys*, were all the atchievements on one side or the other—and prince Ferdinand having presented *Kingsley's* regiment with some *live oxen* (part of some such intercepted convoy) they were nicknamed prince Ferdinand's *beef-eaters*. The jest was of service; for it taught him not to be particular in his bounties, but reward the British equally as they equally deserved.

The first effects of surprize being over, among both *officers* and *soldiers* of seeing *black buffars*, *Buckenburg's* artillerists, German princes (wearing *sars* and *garters* of every colour and magnitude) with other novelties, the next question was, "What do we do here? And why don't we try to put an end to the war by a *decisive* battle?" A question not easily answered—And which, had the experiment been

been tried, would have at least prevented a most severe winter's campaign, by getting good towns on the *Rhine*, and possibly prevented the fatal affair of *Bergen*, near *Franckfort*, in the spring following.

We will imagine, then, this campaign spent in that luxury, which plentiful pockets and English dissipation generally occasion.—Several Cynical reflections of one certain English nobleman there, on another (relative to some *election*-kind of nights spent nearer to the enemy than was prudent) laid perhaps, a foundation in nature, for that close persecution the former felt; when disgrace poured on him from every sluice of power, or interest—for, with all his future failings, he had ever the useful, and very political virtues of *sobriety*, *diligence*, and *economy*—The *evil*, says *Mark Anthony*, over the corps of *Cæsar*, *which men do, lives after them*—*The good is often interred with their bones*. The soldiery felt the weight of this last virtue of his (*economy*) in their pockets—As I hinted, my lord, in the affair of giving every man his *just* due.

Towards the month of October, in this campaign, or rather *no* campaign, the French often making feints, sufficient to disturb the repose of our unemployed army, his grace the duke of *Marlbro'*, by attending his duty too rigorously in the night, threw up a life, scarce half finished, though full of glory, into the arms of his friends, which from his natural turn of mind, he had rather would have fallen among his enemies. Small praise, as mine would be at best, is a kind of scandal, when a nation's love appears in the scale. He lived *beloved*, he died *lamented*; and when *brass* and *marble* (the short lived monuments of the weak and vain) shall perish, and be forgot, like traces on the deep—*His name shall be great upon the earth—the generation of his seed shall be blessed*.—He was a man, as *Hamlet* says

says of his departed father, *The world shall never see his like again.*

The command devolved of course on lord George Sackville; and the expectations from this gentleman were much heightened, by his known attention to study—So visible, that he scarce was present at any idle amusement, and rarely appeared but on duty—or for health's sake riding; and thereby answering the double end of *reconnoitring* out-posts and the enemy's positions.—How short a time his *glory*, his *power*, and *estimation* lived, may be known by consulting the periodical papers, scarce *ten months* afterwards—A lesson how uncertain excess of *fame* is, when excess of *envy* (assisted by facts, no doubt) appeared so powerfully in array against him. If *guilty*, as printed papers render him (and what's in print will ever be true in common eyes) let us in the words of *Hamlet's ghost*, leave him, as he means to do the queen, "*To heaven—and to those thorns which in his bosom lodge to goad and sting him with.*"

A general action had nigh happened near *Zoeft*, in the vicinity of *Lipstadt*; but the affair went off with a small skirmishing, which gave but little entertainment to the *morning gown* and *slipper*ed politicians in London; who, as the *justice* says in the Recruiting officer, wanted *some blood for their money.*

Munster was now in our hands; the grand hospital found a place of safety there; and the generosity of the English gave prince Ferdinand an occasion to display a beneficence, which that nation both *expected* and properly *commanded*, from the extraordinary *pension* and *table-allowance* given him—Lord *Downe* copied, or perhaps set the example, by keeping open table for his whole regiment.

It appeared *prophetic* of what now (though so late) seems for the nation's interest, that *peace* was

was the point of happiness to *us*, though not to foreigners; for in all the *betts*, and *gaming* by the bye, which is but too universal, and too countenanced in camps, particularly our *own*, the *odds* were ever for *peace*—The success of the king of *Prussia* but ill supplied the want of necessaries with *us*; for it will appear hereafter, the French *commisariat* was so well appointed, that they ever did more with a *penny*, than we with a *shilling*—A proof only that we had more *money* than themselves, however *ill* we managed in the proper allotment of it.

And now, give me leave, my lord, to explain how this happens—And I take it to be this—The French are *by nature* a *military* nation; and, in the most profound *peace*, are absolutely at, or preparing for, *war*. In the grand department of their *forage*, they gain young gentlemen of *all* countries, and breed them regularly to this kind of *profession*.—We are, thank heaven, at war, only *occasionally* and, as occasionally, gather up recruits for *this* service, consisting of broken *Jews*, or young fellows that want to see the world *gratis*. The French lads, by being natives of several provinces, have *family* connections there; and, when put to the *push*, those connections serve the *common cause* greatly.—We are *strangers*, scarce speak any language but our *own*—and having no knowledge of the *country*, of course, can carry no *weight*, wherever the department of their particular branch obliges them to travel.

It is much more natural, my lord, that if I wanted to make a grand magazine of *corn*, *hay*, *meal*, or what you will, in the palatinates of *Durham* or *Chester*, half a dozen young gentlemen of *family* and *connections* there, should execute this sooner and in a better manner, than a parcel of *strangers*, to whom they would at least *deny* having any such

commodities in quantity, and, supposing they did *not*, use them ill otherwise.

The French carry this still farther; for their *maps* are all *coloured* agreeable to the *grain* they know each country produces, by which no *mistakes* are committed, nor fruitless *journeys* undertaken—And talking most languages, they are not guilty of such mistakes, which an English *quarter-master* was, who rode his horse to death to find a town, as he thought, which bore the name of *Jour de Repos*—Words, which when translated, mean a day of *halt*—But, being mingled with other hard names, very pleasing to strangers, particularly the *English*, his fidelity to the commanding officer, and diligence in his duty, had near dismounted him for the rest of the campaign.

Though it was long *before* our troops covered their heads with *roofed* houses, even though of bad *Thatch*, yet, early in the spring, they practised being ready at a *moment's* warning—Kept themselves, as they called it, on the *qui-vive*; and, as prince Ferdinand's express orders were, seldom approached the *fire*, least, being made *tender*, they might suffer from a quick change from *hot* to *cold*, if called into sudden action; or from *severity* of weather to *warmth*, by having so lately quitted the *tented-field*. *Munster* held all our natives (I mean the *bishopric* of that name) which was lucky, as the river *Ems* and the vicinity of *Holland*, afforded them good assistances in *food* and *raiment*.

The same person, who had at *Emden*, played the prince of the blood, by commanding honours equal to *that* rank, again practised them at a town near *Meppin*. The fatigues of a tedious campaign, made many officers of *equal*, and some of *superior* rank, waive these ceremonies, for the more substantial joys of *silence* and *retirement*; by way of contrast, to a late scene of *noise* and *confusion*.

The

The *Dutch* now voided all their cellars of every the worst liquor they could find; and the *generous* English paid a *generous* price for most *ungenerous* commodities—Every liquor was counterfeited, that could please their palates; and *Holstein* beer, with some little *bitter* not *better* alteration, past (upon the usual *honour* of *dealers*) for sir William Calvert's old hock, or alderman Parsons's *stout*.

Lord George past to London, by way of concerting measures for the *ensuing* campaign, and met with an esteem which he never felt *since*. His *return* was speedy; and, early in the spring, prince Ferdinand meaning (and meaning *well* too) with a *coup de main* to push the French over the Rhine, was disappointed in the attempt, by marshal *Broglio*, who commanded that wing, and whose success made his brother-marshal *Contades*, jealous of his abilities, and the which broke out still more at the battle of *Minden*, in the summer following.

In this battle fell a prince, who was in England with the *Hessians*, and who was as well esteemed there, as any *foreign auxiliary* of that country could be on such an *unwelcome* occasion. His military virtues, Fame is not silent in; and it is said, prince Ferdinand himself, lost an excellent co-adjutor, when his highness the prince of *Isenbourg* was shot, *so* early in the attack.

The two armies soon began to change their *natures*—The French, who had hitherto been dancing the *back step*, now made us *retreat*, even in view of each other—No other battle ensued till the affair of *Minden*—And yet, by their frequent *positions*, one would have often expected such a meeting before.

The more prince Ferdinand *retreated*, the more was *their* danger; as being lulled on from their grand *reservoir* of provisions and ammunitions, the *Rhine*; and it is particular, in how few months the *same* armies changed their estates; the *retreating*

troops being, soon *after*, the *advancing* ones—And the same spots mutually serving each other for encampments, *vice versa*, as they *past* on, or *retired*. It put me in mind of the two *kings of Brentford*, no sooner quitting their chair, when others came and supplanted them, before the seat was hardly *cold*, or the cushion had swelled up again to its *former* shape. Such was the nature of this *retreat* and *pursuit*!

Shall I now, my lord, in the stile of *Hague* and *Brussels* Gazettes, *march* and *counter-march* you, who are hardly able to walk, even to the end of your *picture gallery*? Stifle you, who are but too astmatic, with the names of *German* towns, or villages?—Shall I tell you, that a *defile* is only a common *wood*, or *bedge*? And an *esplanade*, a kind of *Hounslow-heath*—That a *pass* is a *bridle way*, with a *swing-gate* perhaps at the *end* of it; and the *embouchure* into the plain a *cart*, or *horse-way*, through a quick-set-hedge—No, my lord, I will rather set you down at once, on the plain of *Minden*, which may truly be called so, as I never saw a more velvet-looking-turff, even in the environs of *Salisbury*, or *Bath*.

The day is then arrived that gave hopes to put an end to a further effusion of British *blood* and British *money*, by a decisive stroke, and which did *not* happen! The French overwhelmed with *numbers* (often the ruin of *their's* and *other* armies) thought themselves so *secure* of victory, that they had slaughtered many *oxen*; and made dishes of various sorts (a little beef goes a great way *my lord*, with them, you know, till they come among us, and then, as you will feel by your own *domestic* expences, they become at once *English* in *that* respect, if no other) in order to regale their *conquering* troops, had the day so turned out.—One of *Contades's* aid-du-camps went, in the name of his master, to take a formal leave of the *president's* wife, in *Minden*; who,

who, like a true sensible lady, was *yaw mynbeer*, or *ouy monsieur*, (according to *Swift*) as the different armies possessed the country, (or rather *county*,—it being a little *out-lying* estate of the king of *Prussia's* scarce bigger than, or so big as, *Rutland*,—and of which sort he has many in such *parts* and *parcels*) and always kept open table and assemblies, for *comers* and *goers*.—This lady being a woman of wit and spirit, bid him not be *too sure*, for the English were an *unconquerable* people, and their cavalry *invincible*;—on which he is reported to have said, “oh! madam, the *cavalry* will *not* molest us.” Such a speech happening by mere accident perhaps, gave occasion for affidavits to appear, when party ran high, and persecution was *fashionable*, that a glimpse of some kind of *treachery* or *corruption* was discoverable,—whereas he might only drop it from a *vanity*, too natural to the nation in-question, that their cavalry being often better *decked* and *helmeted*, might act better—at least, he was young and *unread*,—nor knew perhaps that the English cavalry (agreeable to lord *Stair's* answer to the French king at a review) would *fight* any thing, though the power of *victory* was only in providence.

So little ascertained were we of an approaching *battle*, that not an order was given where the *surgeons* should plant themselves, the better to succour the *distrest*,—a circumstance seldom overlooked, when the least preparation can be made. Mr. *Wallis*, I think, after waiting for such orders a tedious while, and to no purpose, rode up to lord *George*, who with a peculiar calmness and recollection, appointed him very properly. No confusion then appeared *hitherto*!

Our infantry were so *fatigued* and out of *breath* passing through high corn, with an eagerness peculiar to them, and which often ends in their confusion, that on descending into the *plain*, they were
fitter

fitter to *bait* and *repose* themselves than begin the *attack*; — and yet such was their intrepidity, that *Fitz-James* being asked by his superior officer why he *charged* the British infantry so disadvantageously, made answer, — why for fear they should *charge* me; — for they appear like *lions* who have broke their *den*!

His fine cavalry were soon *routed*, and it was a *comical* scene on one side, amidst the *horrors* of the other, to see the troopers dismounted and kicking off their heavy boots, to make the best of their way for the town of *Minden*, where their wives, or *mistresses* were on the ramparts, observing all that had passed, and giving them the usual unwelcome of a *losing* party, on their so melancholy an arrival.

A tolerable good horse now sold for a *ducat*, — and boots by the *gross*, at the cheapest rate. Had the cavalry *acted*, the president's lady would not have had an opportunity of *testifying* what she did, — that, when the *same* aid-du-camp of marshal *Contades*, returned, and again made his leg to her, she said, “well, I told you the English would do their *duty*.” “Ay, but replied he, I told you that the cavalry would not *hurt* us, — and you see my words came true.”

From such an accidental reply as this, whole *histories* were formed, — and it was particular that the gentleman who bore hardest on him, during the *trial*, was first handed, and in a most parental manner, into the military *income* as well as *science*, by the said commander. — *Dryden* tells us this in a most affecting manner, — when, speaking of *Darius*, he says that he was *deserted* in his utmost need, by those his former bounty fed.

Such œconomy was there at home to save *shillings* in the *chirurgical* and *medicinal* way, at the time that commissaries were pocketting, or rather *picking pockets*, to the tune of thousands, that I think, after the

the *battle*; there was such a lack of surgeons, it was almost *midnight* on the subsequent day, before every man had a dressing, though a slight one—At the same time I know 300 *l. per ann.* was granted (the price of four surgeons) to a certain colonel-commandant for a *table*, which was *never kept*—and which gave occasion to the following paragraph, in a kind of camp, or *flying* news-paper—For a camp, my lord, has a *laureat* often, and a *printer* too to give his labours a birth.

“ We hear from * * *, that a certain colonel commandant there (even in this time of public necessity) has 300 *l. per ann.* for keeping a *bare table*—And, notwithstanding the cheapness of provisions in that part of Germany, it is imagined at the year’s end, that he is—some *trifle* out of *pocket*.”

Money of this kind is allowed to *honour* his majesty’s commission—An officer, in *that* case, is nothing but a *steward* to manage said sum with the utmost circumspection; so as, at the same time that he prevents *exceeding* it for his own sake, to make it go as far as possible for the *public* service—But what think we of a man who was always *ill*, when the English *past* or *repast*; and thought it cheaper to glut and *surfeit* the magistrates of the city, with tedious and inconsistent *letters*, than with a banquet. When public money, allotted for public use, is not so exercised, the public have an undoubted right to settle accounts *publicly* with such a person; or *corruption* will still be fashionable, as for many years past.

The commander in chief, if *fear* was the motive of such an unhappy delay and interruption to our glory; instead of losing his *life* or *liberty*, for a while, the which might, or might *not* have happened, the most *daring* actions often ending in the utmost safety, lost what was more precious (as *Cassio* says

says in *Otello*) his reputation—and with it his *rank*, his *income*—and of course his *friends*.—

Though C——ce and C——n begin with the same letter, I mention neither of them—neither were proved—a few minutes delay and over-caution *let loose the dogs of faction*—and every one cried *bavoc*. I never had the honour even to speak, or be spoken to, by this gentleman—If he is ignominious, “*Let it sleep with him in the grave* (as prince Henry says over Percy) *but not remembered in his epitaph*.”

The unaccountable *rout* of the French army, gave us an happy occasion for seizing much baggage, and intercepting thereby much *cabinet secret*. That part of it, except a letter of marshal *Belleisle*'s, published by *authority*, still remains under a ministerial *lock and key*.—But a very droll scene appeared, namely, letters of the French officers to their *wives* and *mistresses*; and so *vice versa*—wherein we were handled with the usual weapons of their *bombast* and *raillery*.

I remember when the camp was at *Halteren*, a French courier was apprehended with several packets on him—one officer wrote thus to his *dulcinea*—When I think of you, my sword is *sheathed*, and all is *peace* within; but, when I recollect the injuries my bleeding country has suffered—then I draw my *sword* again, and you are forgot for a while—Prince *Prettyman* has pretty near such a soliloquy, when he is half *booted*, and going out of town.

The business of the two armies was now just *changed*—We were *pursuing*—the French *retreating* up to their strong holds, with very little deviation, near *Frankfort*. It was antecedent to this affair of *Minden* (and which, indeed, I forgot to mention) that prince Ferdinand luckily stepping into *Bremen*, before the French, stripped the *arsenal* of all their fine *brass cannon*, and conveyed it to *Stade*—a circumstance

cumstance, which, though then an act of *prudence*, may cost us dear in the end, as *that* town is now almost defenceless.

Why there came to be such a quantity of *cannon* and *mortars* there, arose from a prevailing custom of magistrates (perhaps to encourage *that* manufacture in former days) leaving at their *death* or giving in their *life-time* a piece of fine ordnance, either in *brass*, or *copper*—In a series of years the collection encreased, and to such a size, that prince Ferdinand thought it not safe any should remain there, and so ordered it to *Stade*, the seaport on the Elbe, to the dutchy of *Bremen* and *Verden*.

Should the town be lost by such an accidental fatality (and at the time of writing this, it is in no small danger) we shall then, by the event, not allow it to have been a *coup du cabinet*. The magistrates immediately were *disgusted*, being as wedded to these donations, each boasting the *arms* of their family, and with inscriptions equal to a *Roman consul*, as antiquarians to their *coins*, or citizens to their *lord mayor's-day*.

Shall we now follow the *French*, my lord, as close to their *heels* as the *allies* did? Or pass somewhere else, when a particular history will present itself of a *machivillian* piece of politics in *Frederick the III*d.—In pursuing the *French*, my lord, we shall only occasionally pick up a *Ramilee* wig, a *cartouch-box*, or wheel of a *waggon*—trifles though sufficient, as I read often in your papers *re-imported* to us in *Germany*, to fill paragraphs with accounts of vast *captures*—and endeavouring to prove, that we were so close after them, that it was impossible, at least improbable, that even a *drum* of the *whole* French army should escape—Ringing the *changes* on these captures, by an early *half-lighted* fire (nay, perhaps, candle-light) while the news-paper still

exhales the smell of the *lamp-oil*, and the boy, half awake, is sweeping the floor with a stubbed broom, said floor being *mosaically* marked betwixt dirt and the water-pot, *is all a bumm*. I say these trifles did mighty well to those who want *blood for their money*, to extract another million from a *generous*, but *deluded* nation. But, my lord, is it not hard to have generosity and good-nature *imposed* on? And is it a rule, that because we bleed *free*, we are to bleed *to death*?—Your silence signifies a consent to my opinion—and I will wait to give you a further opinion of this, till I am in your one horse chair, passing over those downs, which afford no hearers but ourselves and poor *Diamond*, your faithful *Holsteiner*—For your lordship has often well observed, that people pay dear for the vanity of equipage and attendants, by hearing round again next day from the *barber*, who shaves you, all that past the day before.

The seat of war, in another way, now appeared at *Emden*—otherwise a *dull* town, with a melancholy family of four companies of *invalids*. The *machievilian* scheme I am speaking of was executed here, and in folio.—The French army and ours are still *marching on*, and go too fast for us *to follow* them—it occasions, in part, my *quitting* them, till they are settled—which happened, as I observed to your lordship before, in the neighbourhood of *Frankfort*—a kind of *coney-borough* to them—they well knowing all the *turnings* and *windings* of the country, even from the *source* to the *embouchure* of the Rhine—

The *Swedes* (without consent of *king*, or desire of the *populace*) were teasing the king of *Prussia* in a corner of the world, where it was difficult and expensive to get at them.—It always cost him a small *separate* army—and even that but occasionally successful—perhaps, they not being under the *king's eye* so very immediately as his *other* armies,

armies, were *tardy*, or *over-cautious*, which in war will ever favor of *cowardice*, the world rather admiring a *wild* and *rash* action, though *lost*, than *no blood for their money*—I mean by the world there, the world of *England*. The *Swedes* then being successful against the *Prussians*, and *ferreting*, rather than in any wise *vanquishing* his little wing of an army there—his majesty thought of a stratagem to raise the violence of the *populace* against the *senate*, by striking at their trade—and accordingly proposed a scheme, by his ambassadors in *London*, of having some privateers to act against the *Swedes*, and so by *galling* their trade, making a kind of insurrection against the *senate* (not the king) they being known to be in the very *precordia* of the *French* interest.

Accordingly, the coffee-houses of *London* began first to propose in a *whisper*, and then talk aloud of this great and advantageous scheme—One Mr. D—s, who had been at *Berlin*, formerly in the East-India service of *Emden*, perhaps a clerk only, though in a foreign country, bearing the name, stile, and title of *commissary*, undertook to drum and trumpet this affair up and down, and to raise recruits for *subscriptions* at once—having in vain tried his eloquence in the city (where the *Prussian* name is rather eminent for *war*, than mercantile *credit*) he found little or no *success*—beat up again—and like a true *Kite*, offered more rewards—But, finding it in vain, he applied for *blank* commissions, the better to convince his hearers that all was fair, honest, and above board.

He obtained some, on a promise they were only to be *shewn* politically—the commissions were signed by the king's regency at *Berlin*—*Podewils* and *Fingenstein*—and a great *seal* hung dependant, sufficient, if size could rule in those cases, to make a man a *peer* of this realm. D—s now was a man of con-

sequence, and his *quondam* futile arguments had some degree of weight with the multitude.

The natural question, was, but pray what *share* is the king to have? Well knowing him *despotic*; and, therefore, caring to have little to do with him in matters of *meum* and *tuum*; Now, says he, as to that, I will be responsible—allow me only 25 or a quarter, *per cent.* and that shall indemnify you if *more*—and, if *less*—that shall be my profit; for the trouble, fatigue and expence I am at.

All was approved—all was swallowed—and the scheme began by the famous captain *Foster* entering the port of *Emden*, with a forty gun privateer, named the *Berlin*—the men were all made *burghers* of *Emden*, and some occasional subjects of *East-Friesland*, mingled with the herd, the better to make it pass for a *Prussian* ship of war.

So eager was the king in this scheme to enrich himself, and abate the fury of the *Swedes*, that a regular treatise was wrote by him (collected from *Grotius*, *Puffendorff*, and others) in praise of *privateering*—the performance is smart enough—and one expression I remember (for being in London, one of the adventurers shewed me the pamphlet) was very *adroit*—namely, that private ships of war, or privateers, as they are commonly called, were a *maritime* militia. It is published at *Dantzic*, my lord, and I will obtain a copy for you, by the way of *Bremen*, if that (happy for us) continues to be the way from Germany to Great-Britain, as it was once (unluckily I fear the way) from Great-Britain to Germany.

Quitting regular war for privateering, will, I fear, my lord, be but a dry and dis-entertaining subject—and yet it seems a *part* of the *whole*—and a part which would weaken the history if left *out*—therefore, I *pursue* it—and I will abbreviate it, as far as in my power and ability lie; neither dwelling on
sea-

sea-terms, to swell the size of my letter, or names of *ships*, or *captains*, more than I do, and have done, in the department of the *land-service*—both equally ridiculous, familiar in a correspondence.

The *commissions*, as I would observe to your lordship, were *double*, to act against the queen of *Hungary*, or great duke of *Tuscany*, one and the same thing, and the *Swedes*—*Foster* staid no longer (I will call him for distinction sake, *Antigallican Foster*) than to equip his ship, and pass the ceremonies of *burgherizing* his crew—the which they all obtained at the small expence of a few *florins*, or *shillings*.

Foster sailed, I believe, to the *Mediterranean*—and the next ship that came, was near of the same size, and in compliment to the king of *Prussia*, was christened the *Lissa*, in honour of that single day, when his majesty gained more honour than every day *since*. A small sloop attended the *Lissa*, so that the captain of the larger one, was a kind of *commodore*. While some ceremonies were settling at the regency of *Auric*, the active captain, whose name I think was *King*, sallied out of the port, and luckily intercepted a 10,000 *l. Swede*, going from *Amsterdam* to *Stockholm*—but his cargo, I believe, was from the *Mediterranean*—the *Swedes* awaked as from a dream, not having had the least item of any such change in *politics*.—And as *secrecy* is the soul of *action*! for the future, the *Swedes* saved themselves from *future* captures, even the little while this new scheme of *Prussian* privateers remained in force, which was scarce eight months.

A stratagem in taking this prize, gave occasion to a protest against it; the captain of the *Lissa* seeing *three ships* together, and fearing he might lose two at least, if not all, was he to make a *stir*, went on board like a friend, and pulling the *colours* and his *commissions* from his pocket, surprized the man into a capture before

before he knew it. But, on examination, finding the other two to be *Portuguese*, he contented himself with introducing the *Swedish* captain, not to the English commandant, but to the regency, as a prisoner to his *Prussian* majesty.

The *English* commandant happening to be at *Emden*, with an handful of *superannuates*, or in other words, some *invalids*—and who, having never had a command *before*, though arrived to above seventy years of age, was often mistaken, both in the *nature* of his power and the *manner* of exercising it. It was a garrison by *permission* and not *conquest*; and therefore had nothing to do but with the enemy, whom he never saw. Would you believe, that a man who never had an opportunity before, of being in a *conspicuous* character, should act so as to prevent his fame being stamped, though even with so small a mark? Yet, I have heard, that he himself, though in a *Prussian* town, and appointed to take care of all the king of *Prussia's* concerns, equally as his subjects there, signed, together with some officers under him (who often implicitly follow their leader) that the prize was not a *legal* one, as having been taken under *other* colours than *Prussian*.

The king's share was a pretty large one, which was not considered; it was a nice affair, clouded with all those circumstances of *dispute*—and therefore, the regency of *Berlin*, were cautious of determining it—so applied to the king in *person*, lest a false sentence should embroil *Sweden* and *Prussia*, more than they were already.

Some months were spent in the *delay*—the ship suffered, and the cargo was not the *better*—when at last, the king sent down a *sentence*, that the prize was a *good* one—that he honoured the stratagem of captain *King* (or whatever was his name) for he was forced to make use of *stratagems* himself—that it was *his* ship—*his* commission—*his* prize—*his* colours—
—the

—the captain *his* subject (at least for the time being) and, in short, that it concerned *no body else*.

What must the king think, to hear a stranger in his *town*, daring to dictate *maritime* laws to him, who had lately compiled a tract, and whose very *code* (called by his *name*, sanctified by his *authority*, and compiled under his *care*) spoke the same thing—commanding officers should read in a *foreign* country, if they do not *at home*—and then such a mistake would never have happened.—Which often makes a whole nation's reputation suffer for the unlettered obstinacy of an individual.

Power, my lord, as you have often done me the honour to observe (when speaking of those military bashaws of *three tails*—for some I have in my eye, still wear that old fashioned covering to their heads a *tye-wig*) is a kind of poison—a certain quantity and in *exact* proportions is *medicinal*—but mistake that quantity, though ever in so *small* a degree, the remedy becomes a fatal one.

As we are upon the river *Ems*, my lord, and the weather is tolerably *clear*, suppose we *row* about a little, and visit a Dutch town and pretty fortification, called by the *Dutch*, to whom it belongs, *Delft-Zell*. It is in the province of *Groningen*, famous for a *civil-law* university, at the capital of the province, having the same name.—The governor of this fort, is a gentleman, of not only the first *fashion*, but *erudition* also, in the whole *Dutch* service; I think, young as he is, the old regiment of *Orange Guelderland* boasts him for their *lieutenant-colonel*—but he is seldom there—residing on his little *commanderie*—where the house, gardens, and fishponds, are always open to travellers, particularly the *English*, with whom he served in the last war.—His lady, I think is a daughter of the secretary of state for *Holland*.

Two English men of war, lying at the *moudb* of the river, almost opposite the fortifications, it was natural for the officers to go on shore—curiosity sometimes occasions this—the necessities of nature, with these *incurious* gentlemen, much oftner.

The two captains, one of H——n, the other of D——ch extraction—and their footing in our service ever created a most particular *jealousy*—went ashore—and from the usual mistaken notion of these *salt-water* gentry, or *pickles*, as is the cant word, that all the world is a *ship*, refused to give their names to the *centinel* on guard at the gate, whose duty it is, both at the *land* and *water* ports, to mark such names down—one of the captains talking *Dutch* o'course, and the other *German*, and the *states* service swarms with soldiers of every country, one should have imagined this mistake would sooner have been rectified than otherwise, by persons ignorant, and unknowing of their *tongue*; but, so it happened, that on the poor grenadier's presenting his *vellum* book and pencil, for them to write (perhaps they could not which first inflamed them) one of these *bashaws* (whether of two or three tails, no matter) took the *book*, and threw it on the ground. If *report* says true, the *boat's-crew*, now ashore, as part of the equipage and *state* of those sea-monarchs, took the fellow's *firelock*, and cast it into the mud. Immediately the alarm was given—the drum beat to arms; and a party of the main-guard came down, apprehended these *mighty men of valour*, and conducted them *per force*, to the governor's house; who, perhaps, in the pursuit of some *mathematical*, or *philosophical* point, was sorry to be disturbed at any *such* time; but more so, when he saw the occasion.

Immediately, seeing two gentlemen of the navy, in their *uniform*, he ordered the guard *back*; and inviting them into an *interior* apartment, for privacy,
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mediately threw aside the governor, which no man resumes or lays down with more ease; and, according to old *Decius*, the Roman knight, began to reason with them as *from friend to friend*. Soon convinced, tho', as it appears by the sequel, only *seemingly* so, (for, as *Hudibras* says, "A man set right against his *will*, is of the *same* opinion still.")—they retired to their ships, the governor promising that all should be *busb'd*, and the affair be locked up in the cabinet of his mind only; and that for the future, as these ceremonies were displeasing to gentlemen of *liberty*; one should rather call it *licentiousness*, my lord! he would give orders for the future, that no centinels should *ask* any questions, but suffer the officers and crew to pass *unasked* and *unmolested*; a bottle or two of wine sealed and ratified the seeming *preliminaries*; and they departed, as one should have thought, happy to escape a representation of that sort from *power*; — especially, at a time when the *Dutch* nation, by our making free with their shipping, were ripe for exaggerating the minutest *peccadillos* into *capital* offences.

A few days *after* (perhaps the very next) the very *same* gentlemen came on shore again, and the governor's orders were so well obeyed, that the guard suffered them to pass without a simple *interrogatory*. *Mark the sequel, master Ford!* The very persons immediately wrote to the *Hague*, and the remonstrance (as it is said) was well forwarded by the family of our *D—ch* captain, not inconsiderable there; the substance of which was, that the governor of *Delft-Zyll* was tardy in his duty, as commanding a *fort* and *garrison*; for they were witnesses of several persons, themselves being in the number, *passing* and *repassing* without being examined who they were.

The governor was sent for to the *Hague*, and at best *reprimanded*; nay, it is said, that by the interest only of his wife's *father*, a man of no little con-

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sequence,

sequence, as I before observed, he saved himself from losing a pretty *income* and very honourable *appointment*. His name, and I speak it with pleasure, was *De Brieze*.

There seemed a kind of *error in the moon* (according to *Otello*) on the *Ems*, at this time — for another anecdote, tho' on the *opposite* shore, will prove my Assertion. One captain *Antrobus*, son of a dignified clergyman in *Dublin*, came soon after, and was tolerably ashamed of what had *past* for the honour of our *nation*, and that particular department of it, his *own* profession. He lay close to *Emden* — and expecting to receive usual *table-civilities*, where *table* money was so amply allowed, found himself disappointed among a number of *others*, who equally had a right to such civilities, where *public money* paid for it. This and some other slights, such as never suffering the guard *once* to salute him, tho' a captain of *three years* standing, so displeased this sprightly and worthy gentleman, that he lived *on board* entirely — taking with him occasionally a clergyman who had been intimate with him and and his father, in *Dublin*. — The last day they dined together, he said, “ Sir, I have a favour to ask at your hands — and, as it is for the *public* service, do imagine you will not *refuse* me. — I am going to fall down opposite to *Delft-Zyll*, and am so ashamed of the behaviour of my countrymen, that unless some body will be so kind to *introduce* me to the governor, I cannot go *ashore*. — As I know you and his excellency are in close correspondence, there is no one so proper as *yourself* — and if you will *sleep* on board, the tide will serve so *early* that you may be at *Emden* again tomorrow night.” — The gentleman only hesitated that he had not *asked* the proper leave of absence (a custom to inhanche the *power*, and swell the *pride* of commandants) else he would, with all his heart, as it was for the *public* service, go and attend him there — his

—his duty not requiring his presence like officers of the *other* colour — the captain (tho' with as much power in *one* way as this strange commandant had in *another*) smiled, knowing that no *gentleman*, or one who had ever known command in the *early* part of life, would stand on such a ceremony where the occasion was *pressing*; and, as I said before, for the *public service*. However, the gentleman wrote a very polite letter, a copy of which was sent to your *lordship* and many other friends at that time, setting forth, "that when he left the city in the *morning* he had no thoughts of staying out, but the *public service* requiring him to introduce captain *Antrobus* to the governor of *Delft-Zyll*, he should accept the invitation of the said captain, and hoped, very politely, that this letter would be a sufficient *asking of leave*, &c. &c. &c."

The letter was *sent* by the captain's *barge* and a proper officer—was *delivered*—and no answer of *denigation* was received—so that *silence* was construed into *consent*.—Had any *negative* been sent, the barge returned time enough to have carried the gentleman to the city long before *sun-set* and the *gate-shutting*.—But, no! power is my *ruling passion*—I never was a man of consequence *before*, and therefore, as there is a small *article of war*, that no chaplain shall quit a garrison, without *leave*, I will wait his arrival before I *show my teeth*.—*Look to it, we'll do it*, says the *bold thunder*.

The visit to *Delf-Zyll* was paid, and happily so; the governor was at *home*, and after explaining to capt. *Antrobus* how ill he had been used by his two predecessors, said, with a nobleness of heart which displays itself in his *minute* actions, that the follies or mistakes of *individuals* should not affect the *general*; and having loaded the captain with *culinary* presents very welcome in a *ship*, always, gave him a general invitation to his *table*; and said, that all hours of

the night the gates should *open* at his request, or which was still stronger, that captain *Antrobus* should keep the *keys* of his gates, and command every thing in *Delft-Zyll*.

The captain by some order of the admiralty *subsequent*, did not stay longer (on *this* station) than to return the governor's civilities by an hamper or two of *porter*; and the chaplain returned to *Emden* next day: when, on his arrival, he was ordered into *arrest*; and which he, as calmly as, *smilingly* accepted of.

The commandant, (call him *governor* again—says the *royal-slave*) imagined to terrify this person into some *mean* compliance; but found himself mistaken.—He kept his house four days, *Sunday* being one; even though he begged, the *king's church* might not stand still for any *private* misunderstanding.—But, no! Don't I command here? Was his *parrot-like* answer, on all occasions that touched his *petty prerogative*—he had found an article of war to countenance him in what he did, (the only *book*, he ever read) and great consequences were to ensue—it put me often in mind of poor feeble *Lear*, who always threatned to do something which should be the terror of the world—when it ended in a *feeble* speech, uttered in a *feeble* voice, on a very weak and *feeble* occasion.

So much for the *Ems*; at least for the present—and yet before I quit *Emden*, where I was *wind-bound* many weeks, and had time to observe things—let me raise a smile in your lordship, when I paint in few words, a character of such vanity and assurance as is hardly to be matched in the annals of a *French gascoon*.—

A field officer in garrison there, the son of an exciseman, towards, or in *Scotland*, happened by two lucky marriages, (before a late act confined *women's* fortunes and passions perhaps) to raise himself to this *amazing* height— I say *amazing*, my lord!

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if you knew all—some comrades who had been his fellow sufferers on *hard beds*, and *hard fare*, when money was on a level with them all, were rejoiced to have an opportunity of protection from their *now* superior. But, my lord, such is the nature of *some* minds! he pretended not to know them, and even said his name was *spelt* otherwise, though he was commonly called by such a name.—This cut off all communication between the *inferior* and *superior* for the future—and gave a *merry* handle for some *merry* guard-house stories—for soldiers, my lord, amidst their fatigues, have some few intervals of merriment.—And now, my lord, as the roads of *Munster* are still good, notwithstanding the constant passing and repassing of *artillery*, *bread-waggons*, &c. &c. &c.—and the relays of *ordnance-horses* are frequent and well *directed*, let me wheel you towards *Frankfort*. The *French*, as the winter approached, set us the example of playing the *badger*, and living in holes and huts under-ground.—In the *former* wars of the great duke of M——gh, it was thought hard service to take the field in *May*, supposing the morning had any the least *vestigia* of frost, and stay there after *September*;—but, what think you, my lord, of youths, bred in the lap of *maternal* softness and London delicacy, sleeping in the months of *November*, *December* and *January*, under an element severer, at *mildest*, than the most bitter day in our *fortunate* island? and, to convince you how far *use* becomes a *second nature*, scarce a greater mortality happened, than among the *same* body of men elsewhere, in the *same* length of time.

Much of this perseverance, and continuance in health, was owing to the great care of our physician *general*, who undertook to prescribe, not only *medicine*, but *diet*—and warm *broths* effected more and occasioned better *health* than burnt *Geneva*, or those collections of *brewage*, under the name of *hot-pots*,
which

which soldiers, left to *themselves*, are too apt to fall headlong into, where spirits are cheap, though ever so indifferent.

Every officer now, who past to England, on the recruiting service, this, or the preceding winter, carried with him such samples of French *caps*, *helmets* and *bonnets* of various sizes, as first gave occasion to that numberless variety among our *light* troops. Some of these were *trophies* in battle—many of them bought of *Jews*—and a military tale was soon tacked to them, sufficient to play on our all-swallowing politicians at home, that he *had taken by the throat* (according to Othello) the uncircumcised dog—and robbed him of his coat of mail.—

I think *Virgil* tells us, my lord, that the *Dolus* and *Virtus* are just the same in war—a small anecdote in the enemy's army (for I will praise a clever or *brave* man, wherever I find him—let him be *Jew*, *Turk*, *Infidel*, or *Heretic*) will, perhaps, amuse you after a dull history of blundering *sea-captains* and commanders, drunk and intoxicated with power; the fact is this—

A trumpet of the *Blues*, having an intention to desert, did it so *ingeniously*, that he boldly rode, even through the *last*, and most *advanced* post of ours, next the enemy, sounding his trumpet, as if sent on some business of the commander *in chief*.—He past unobserved—and arriving at the French camp, soon discovered his real intentions.—A fellow *adroit* enough to act in this manner, must make some discoveries to the enemy, worthy their attention.—What corps he afterwards enlisted in, is not material—but a sprightly officer having idle money, not always the situation of every *military* person, particularly a *French* one, with a kind of prophetic sagacity of his *future* advancement, bought the *trumpet and banner*, the latter being equally rich

rich as those in the *horse-guards*. What past for curiosity, though an *expensive* one to a subaltern, afterwards, turned to be a most prudent and economical *utility*—for, after the battle of *Minden*, he presented it as a *trophy* he took, and it was sent to *Verfailles*—not without being accompanied, on his return, with a better commission, and perhaps a small purse of *ducats*.

I have known a grenadier *live* on a French hat and feather, or one of *Clermont's* brass helmets many *months*—find him a *trophy* (even at a pawnbroker's shop) and he will soon find the necessary *history*—he will hack his sword like *Jack Falstaff*, my lord, and to those who want *blood* for their *money*, he will prick his nose with a *straw*, and produce it of a most *lively* colour. Necessity, my lord! is the surest mother of all invention—and hunger will whet *genius* more than praise, or even the countenance of princes themselves.

The *frost* and its consequence, a *thaw*, had so rotted the tents, that it was scarce possible for our army to keep the field—where they were folded up, after being so *stiff* with the weather, the places immediately cracked, and piecing and patching were but temporary advantages—we lined our fierce caps with *fiercer-looking* fur, in imitation of the *foreign* troops; and boots were made (drest with the *hair* on) to wear *inwardly*. A battle, perhaps, would have warmed them more equally and universally—but, perhaps, for want of opportunity (for many circumstances must concur, as I observed to your lordship before, for bringing on a *general* engagement) no battle was fought, though equally expected *now*, as for many *months* since.

I went to England early *myself*, but not too soon to hear the trumpet of faction and envy *blasting* a certain unfortunate nobleman, even before a *public* conviction

conviction gave leave to sound such notes of *malice* and *persecution*.—Those few officers who spoke—not out of regard for him, but as the *truth* was, and agreeable to their *oath*, or *honour*, were on the brink of *cashierement*—some did feel the weight! and one officer, now abroad, has been so marked, as never to have joined his regiment since; though his love of *glory* was so strong, at the battle of *Minden*, that he begged lord George to let him serve in his battalion (where now there was a lack of officers) though by a post nearer his excellency of *another* and more *peaceable* kind, he might honourably have been *excused* entering into danger. This appears on the trial; and therefore, his name is easily gained by any curious over-looker of that *voluminous* history.—In *private* life, I scarce know a more ingenious and worthy man—and it is pity, as the world runs, that *good* and *bad* should equally suffer—by *not* having their *just* deserts.

Every *inn*, as I travelled down to your lordship's hospitable castle, was now a *seminary* for the military—it was difficult to get a bed-chamber, on account of some recruiting lieutenant of *feet*—or captain of *horses*—and the maid of course, would never come near you, ring ever so often, while *scarlet* and *lace* were under the roof—Country fellows, who had escaped all temptations of even a serjeant *Kite*, for common marching regiments, *lured* by a new fashioned cap (especially, if a *skull* and pair of Christian bones were embroidered there) immediately became a *black-buffar*, and would *give* or *take* no quarter—happy delusion! for themselves, I mean only! unhappy for a trading country—that when we can hire *three times* the number for the same price upon the very *spot*, we should dismantle our several provinces, often of its most worthy youths, to oppose their skulls, against the much *harder* one of an
Austrian

Austrian or *Saxon*, at the *extra* expence of *fleets* and *transports* to convoy them to a *barren* field of action.

And give me leave to observe, my lord, that this *extra* expence is not a very inconsiderable one, and the disadvantage to us, beyond description aggravating—the delays of *winds*, or the ship's dissipation by *bad* weather, does not make any difference in the heavy accounts of so much *per ton*—all must be paid one day, or other—When a *French*, or any foreign, regiment begins to march, it is known, *morally* speaking, when said regiment will arrive at its *destination*, let their marches be ever so short, a *wagon*, my lord, on your *downs* seems hardly to move; and yet, we find that same cumbersome machine gets from *London* to *Exeter*, by a kind of slow perseverance. The *reservoir* of the French army is in the *Austrian Netherlands* (it will take up some pages by-and-bye to explain my sentiments, of their being in possession of those very rich, and very capacious cities, the which cost us so many millions to preserve from the *now* owners) from whence they are continually, as from an abundant river, supplying all defects, in their several camps, of *men*, of *horses*, and *artillery*. Let any man be at *Gravesend*, or any place of *embarking*, or *dis-embarking*, and there see the superlative difficulty we sustain in getting a single *troop* aboard.—When all is ready to *sail*, the wind, perhaps, proves contrary—their *bay* is consumed—no recruit of that commodity is possible to be obtained—and while these *winds* or *tides* are our inveterate enemies, a more inveterate one gives us *battle*! and for want of this additional *re-mount*, we are fairly *dismounted*.

These are but a *title-page*, my lord, of the irresistible, and almost unfurmountable *difficulties* we sustain, in carrying on a land war; a *king's* ship always consuming your own manufactures and commodities, carries her force into the *bowels* of an

enemy's country, without any particular *delay*—on her *return*, she is *repaired* by English hands, *supplied* again with English materials, and store-rooms *swell* almost to bursting, with bread, made, perhaps, from *mine* or your *lordship's* produce—and *beef*, which, when in *being*, walked over those meadows, where I now wish to be walking to!

The foreigner's notion of our almost inexhaustible plenty of money, is very particular—and they have just reason to think it—when they see us raise *millions* sooner and easier, than some bad gardeners raise *colliflowers*—and still find a *credit*, which sir *William Temple*, whom they read, declared, must be a *fiction* one, if once exceeding such a *particular* sum; and that particular sum has, long since, been *exceeded*. They really think, for our millions being always turned into *florins*, or shillings, the sound is still greater, and the *French* too, count by the smaller money of *livres*—they think, my lord, that we have *wells*, from whence we draw up *gold* like spring-water—or *golden* trees, like as in the gardens of *Hesperides*, which by shaking cover the ground with *guineas*, as your *filberd*-hedge does the sand-walk with such excellent *nuts*. What other idea can they *justly* entertain of us? They see only the *rich* side—nor hear they, nor can they examine the insolvent list, which would convince them, that however *individuals* may fatten by being pay-masters to near *fifty* regiments, the *bulk* of mankind (I mean of *English* mankind) are in *extreme* necessity.

It is not a *Dutch* nobleman, or rich *Hamburg*er's son, passing over to see the *coronation*, and lodging in *St. James's-street*, or *Cleveland-row*, that can judge of our internal *riches* or *misery*. He sees the pill gilded, and swallows it, without tasting what to us has but a *bitter farewell*.—He goes to *Ranelagh* in a *morning*—to court at *noon*—at three dines off plate, elegantly *gadrooned* by P—r T—r,

now

now paymaster-general of all the *British* forces in Germany—about five prepares for an *opera*—and after music has exhilarated his *slow* German blood, perhaps, gives K——y F——r ten guineas, who declares, like some certain *tradesmen*, that *as she lives, she loses by him*—true as *she lives*, my lord!

Having taken this *particular*, and not *general*, survey of our country for a few months, he returns to *Amsterdam* or *Hamburg*, declaring, that his father (an old square-toe-*Curmudgeon*) stinted him; and he could not *breathe* on a remittance of 200 *l.* a month, because every one he saw there spent *three*—from such lame descriptions arise the foreign mis-representations of our *finances*; nor do they think, when we raise fresh millions so *easily*, that a heavy arrear drags us by the hair so, *behind*, that it is impossible to get *forward* in our journey to prosperity—*Are these things, So?*

To compare *great* things with *small*, an estate of 500 *l. per annum*, smiles under its original first trifling debt of 1000 *l.*—an hundred pleasing ideas rise in the owner's mind, how easy this incumbrance may be *wiped off*! his son is to be married to a lady of 20,000 *l.* at least, besides what her *grand-mother*, and all her *aunts* can give her—a second, now an *ensign*, is to have a *regiment*, while the other is to be *lord mayor* of London, in his *own* right—but, it so happens, that, perhaps, all those schemes are *controverted*—the squire marries my lady's *woman*, because she would not let him *enter* on the premises without asking, or rather *being asked*—the officer turns out an idle fellow, and never gets *forward*—and the lord mayor *elect* (by the whole voice of the family only) keeping a mistress at each *end* of the town, a house in the *middle* of it, and a country villa by way of retirement, with twenty strangers at his table every day (so far from his business, that the *latter* is neglected, while a carriage of some

kind or other is deemed essential and even necessary, for expedition's sake, to wheel him between town and country)—fills up the *measure* of his family's ruin—so far from easing the estate of its *first* burthen, *another* is laid on—and in the language of a celebrated author, quoted lately on *another* occasion, and in the beginning of this letter, *another, and another after that*—till the estate is so *charged*, that either it must be *sold*, or taking the *other* alternative and paying a weighty *interest*; the poor occupiers must starve with the unhappy name, stile and title of *starving Gentry*.

Now, my lord, to the point after a *circuit* of so many different periods—we may certainly raise money *ad infinitum*—and the sanction of parliament, will always get an *interest* though wrung (as *Brutus* says) from the *hard hands of peasants*.—But do we not in the additional duty on *beer*, see what a reluctance there was shewn on the occasion? Nor shall I despair of seeing the time, when for economy's-sake, people will talk in the *dark*, and visit you with *unwashed* hands, to save the expence of *soap* and candles.

Why do foreign countries *undersell* us, at almost every market? but, that *taxed* as they even are, still they can work *cheaper* than ourselves, their duties not being so *high* or *exorbitant*? Not a shilling of all we *embark*, with every embarkation of *horse* and *foot*, ever *returns* to Great-Britain.—The officers and soldiers equally *consume* their pay—and the *former*, perhaps exceeds it—nay, even *draws* more plentifully from some good *aunt*, by means of letters he has sent her, with *hard-words* in them, than his *income* amounts to.—Thus, what with *forage* and *artillery* bills—*wagon*-service—the department of the *commissariat*, and other incidental expences, it more than *trebles* the daily *pay* and *arrears* of above 20,000 men—I imagine, that, on the *re-landing* of
any

any one regiment, except a *Scotch* one (and to their honour I speak it, they being indeed good *managers*;) I query whether a bill for 40*l.* could be paid by the *whole corps*—and this no fault of theirs; as their very living eats up more than their *pay*, even *after* lord *George Sackville*, as I said before, justly ordered every man his *just due*, to a *farthing*.

But, pray my lord, what a different service is our navy? *victualled*, *refitted*, and *adorned* at home; away they pass to *west* or *east Indies*, eating a piece of your own fatted ox on the banks of the *Ohio* and *English biscuit* in the bay of *Biscay*. On their *return* every man is paid—and where he is paid, there it is dissipated—so much the *better*! and so insensible are they of the value of money, by its coming in heaps, that it is well known a sailor gave his comrade an *handful* of silver and gold mixt, on being asked only for a *trifle*, adding, but remember now, that you owe me a *handful* or *two Jack*.—

As I am really now in England, and by a leave of *absence from the king*, my discourse is all as on *English* ground—nor can I know the *secrets* of either army, further than what *news-papers* relate; who are never to be depended upon: I observed to your lordship *before*, how often I have smiled at seeing paragraphs imported to us in *Germany*, of things we really were *ignorant* of—but it is the food of some people—and the news-papers must *erect Magazines* (though of *lies*, if facts are not at hand) rather than coffee-house politicians should be furnished—every parish has its *upholsterer*, and the pleasure of watching other peoples affairs, (particularly those of *princes*) has *bankrupted* many an honest merchant, and shop-keeper.

But, my lord, the highest *bumm* introduced on this poor credulous country, was sending a sample of several *Hussars* (ready cut and dry) over to
London,

London, who were to walk constantly in all public places, and draw followers after them, like a merry *Andrew* at a country fair—the scheme had its very desired effect—and a black Hussar, with his *death's* head on his cap, got into genteel life and good bread, by entering every day the kitchens of our very first nobility, and pleasing his *Desdemona*.

Happy now was every man, to pay his last *farewell* guinea, because he had seen a black hussar—No supplies could fail of being *granted* when it could be proved *where* past our money—and *nem. con.* were such happy united words, that, like the two *Socia's*, no body cared which stood *first*, so they they came *at all*—*caps, ribbons, fans* had the name of *Ferdinand* on them—and *general* officers were visible at every coffee-house, brandishing their truncheons, like a *Volcius*, or a *Prettyman*.—

But, pray my lord, is not there a *time*, for this *fever* to abate; or must *gun powder*, instead of *Dr. James's*, be our constant *medicine*? I have heard it often said, that the war is now in its *convulsions*; and though the fits were *strongest* yet they would be *shortest*—but these have proved *chimeras*—and the fits seem still as *violent* as before a consultation was held, under that great physician general *monsieur de Busy*.

If it is asked how the French raise money, I fear it will take a separate *quire* to explain the nature of their *finances*,—when their *argenterie* was all ordered to be brought in, (a more *political* stroke was never practised,) every *coffee-boy* cried that *France* is undone! and yet you see how they have held it *since*. The French king would never have known what a quantity of *silver* was in his kingdom, but for the circumstance of *pretended* necessity,—and he now is awake; where to have a sure *resort* in future times for *additional* taxes,

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But, my lord, the church of *France*, I mean the *conventical* part, when properly humoured from above, can open their *sluices* to great advantage. Our impoverished reformation-fund, is a sinking one—nor can many even of our *dignified* gentry find sufficient to pay their *debts*. *Harry the eighth* never foresaw, that in the year 1759, even a *bishop* should die *insolvent*—or he would not have opened his *under-tier* against such a *futile* and *feeble* enemy.

The *winter* is near past, and I will take your lordship in my hand to *Germany*; if you will honour me with your company so far—shall we pass through *Holland*, by way of *Helvoet*? and hear our country ridiculed for foreign connexions—or shall we take the first man of war going to *Carlsbad*? the latter will be the *easiest*.

Bremen, and *Verden* fill up all that space between the *Elbe* and the *Weser*, up to the original *electorate* of *Hanover*—this additional territory, gave the mouth or *embouchure* of the river, to the electorate in *George the first's* time—and it was then said, by the people (in the *cabinet*) that an advantage would result from this junction, by opening a trade to the *North* of *England* and *Scotland* itself, which has in some measure happened; not, as it was intended.

While *Charles the 12th* was in his exile and misfortunes at *Bendar*, the *Danes*, part of their country lying contiguous, namely, *Oldenburgh*; broke in inopinately, and with force *wrenched* it from a prince, who then had scarcely a *body guard* left, or a second *body shirt*—the latter, by all account, was no great disappointment, as even in his hours of prosperity, he seldom boasted a *couple*. This country then, was sold to *George the first*, and the *Danes* were glad to get rid of it, some years purchase *cheaper*; knowing they should be hardly able to keep it, if the *Swede* ever grows powerful again.

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The city of *Bremen*, (now a flourishing one ; and more so since our regiments made it their *high road to Germany*) seems but a shadow in the purchase, for they think themselves still an *hans*, or free town ; tho' the *French* first, and prince *Ferdinand afterwards*, has taught them the hard lesson of *war*—a lesson they now have by *heart*—our *magazines* are still here, our *hospitals* and *stores*—and many citizens, who, *before* the wars, were eating stewed *brown-Cole*, for a Sunday's dish, now have a service of *silver plate* ; thanks to the *gold* of old *England* !

So that, observe, my lord, though the *generality* suffers, the *individual* thrives ; and when col. G—m was so honest as to *resign* his lucrative post of commissary general for *bread*, &c. there were *Germans* who kindly took it, at the small profit of 50 *per cent*—insolent as these men are, they are necessary ; while our politicians think a G—n war so—but it grieved me to see even a worthy baronet and officer wanting the *decent* necessaries of life there, while those who were to supply him and the army, only supplied themselves.

Take, while it is *going*, is the motto of every *Bremener*—if the goose is to be *plucked*, why should not we have a *wing* feather from the English ? then (I can imagine too *German* commissaries talking *low*, their plentiful table having taken away their *voice*, and gift of *loud* utterance) why, *we have corn enough—but they do not know it—they must come up to our price—and let it be a good one, nature must be supported, and we will support ourselves.*

However this may be sport to them, like the *frogs* in the *fable*, 'tis *death* to us—it may serve well enough for a *subterraneous* chamber under the town-hall of *Bremen* ; but they would be cautious of *venting* it else where—and it is very particular, that men who eat drink and sleep above *half* *their*

their time, should, the little time they are *awake*, do such a great deal of mischief.

I will paint these gross characters in more *lively* colours hereafter—and believe me the chief advantage accruing to us in our foreign army is, that our money has past into a friends country, united so closely with us in politics—but I can never join with the natives of *Bremen*, *Verden*, and *Hanover*, so far as to own that they never should have been at *war*, if it had not been for *England's* attachments in *America*.

I cannot quit this part of the world, my lord, before I am to observe to you, that as *Oldenburgh* lies on one side the *Wefer*, from its *embouchure* as far as *Bremen* (near 80 miles) it was easy for the *Danes*, who, in the profoundest time of peace, have troops *there*, to rush in upon poor defenceless *Bremen* and *Verden*, during Charles's banishment, (for so it may be called) and keep it to themselves. The *regency* of these two provinces keep residence at *Stade*, and distinct from the electorate of *Hanover*; though I believe, subordinate to them—no matter.

At *Stade*, there is always a man of war, (or, as they call it a *wach* or *guard-ship*) to procure a respect to the *elector's* duties—and it was from this ship, a certain H——n gentleman was promoted in our navy—and the which, as I observed before, gave no little trouble to the *regulars* in that service—the person is also mentioned in the affair of *Delf-Zyll*—and not to his praise.

Oldenburgh was once so famous for a breed of horses, that all the crowned heads were drawn by *setts* from that country—indeed, the *vice-roy* took an excellent method, so to furnish all foreigners—for, all *colts* were obliged to be examined, before they were tryed for *cart*, or *saddle*, by the proper officers deputed in the several districts; so that in case any *lively spots* should appear on their skins, so

as to *match* others, the property immediately became the *king's*.

The name of this country's capital is *Oldenburgh*, and well fortified. The *vice-roy* resides there, and the courts of *chancery* and *justice* are held at the palace—the adjoining country *westward* is *East Friesland*—and it was from hence (and the reason why I dwelt so long on this description) the king of *Prussia* borrowed a regiment or two, when he took possession of this out-lying estate; where no troops of his *own* could approach, under a three weeks march—or at least, if in less time, as from *Lingen* and *Cleves*, the *march* would be a troublesome one.—

When the French made a push at *Bremen*, previous to the battle of *Minden*—and this same push was made from much vanity of these gentry, that they were sure of *conquest* upwards; and therefore, if they could *secure* the said city, of course the river would be theirs, and the communication of *England* would be cut off—the commanding officer of the French, with considerable detachments being at *Dalmanhorst*, about eight miles from *Bremen*—his excellency from an over persuasion that he should enter *ad libitum*, sent a trumpet to the president and magistrates, that he proposed *dining* there, as if to-morrow, or any day after, your lordship will please to imagine—the note alarmed, and a proper force being sent from prince *Ferdinand*, we stepped in before *monseigneur le commandant* could be apprized thereof—This was esteemed a *coup de maître* on our side, as the French on the other, paid dear for their *over certainty* in an affair which you see ended with such *incertainty*—to them at least.

But, you will observe, my lord, our good friends the *Danes* gave a liberty to the French, which they denied to us—namely, that of making the *principality*

city of *Oldenburg* a thoroughfare for *their* troops—it was at this very time also, that prince *Ferdinand* dismantled the *ramparts* and *arsenal* of *Bremen*, of all their best artillery and mortars—knowing how dangerous it would have been, had he failed at *Minden*, and victory is ever uncertain to have left a fortified town in his rear.

The battle of *Minden*, then cleared this city of its fears, in suffering by one side and the other; and the country of *French* troops—for the wing which extended itself this way, soon followed the heels and fortune too, of marshal *Contades*, and made the best of their way towards *Frankfort* and the *Rhine*.

Contades's disgrace, and that of a general in our service, (who, though *inferior* in rank, perhaps, was his *superior* in family and abilities) were pretty near at the same time—and as marshal *Broglio* entered in *Contades's* room, with the universal love of *his* soldiery; so did lord *Granby*, with the affections of *ours*; no body but *himself*, ever doubted his cabinet or military abilities—and should they have consented to this three years ago, that length of time, with the *experience* he has found under prince *Ferdinand*, are sufficient to stamp him an *experienced* general.

The *French* seemed determined this winter, to see who could keep the field *longest*—and how a nation bred in luxury and *Parisian* delicacy, could bear a December's climate, so far *North*, is only to be solved this way—namely, that *use becomes a second nature*—for prince *Ferdinand* had taught them two winters before, the use of *flannel* and *hot-pots*, or *egg-broth*—However, both armies did at length, consent to withdraw—we though the *inferior*, and under signals to *retreat*, if attacked by such a *superior* one, seeing them out, (as it is called) and giving them English *huzza's* on their leading the

way, and setting us the example of covering our heads with something rather more substantial than *Canvas* or a *butted* roof.

But when intervals of reason appeared in London, and people would quit the almost thread-bare subject of *l—G—S—*, *peace* took her turn in the conversation—Yet in such a manner though, as that, if it was not a very *honourable* one, we would bleed *t'other ten millions*; and, as usual, do more with the *last* than with all the *preceding* grants—enormous to such a degree, that persons, not used to *figures*, are puzzled at first sight how to *reckon* the supplies.

And now, notwithstanding Great-Britain gave a little *fillip* to the *particular* necessities of individuals, yet the *general* corps suffered extremely, by the *impunctuality*, if not *treachery* and *corruption* of all kinds of *commissaries*.—When the troops took the field, many of the troopers wore boots on their *bare* legs—and the infantry, by the bad and *spongy* leather of the country, were almost *bare-foot*, when the time came to open the campaign.

Munster (the city, now, I speak of) had enjoyed almost as many *keepers*, as some eminent *courtezans*—nay, *prostitutes*—and a kind of *civil* war at that time being alive between the *bishop elector* and the *canons*, it may well be said, *that* city was in a state of strange confusion.—Sometimes a bombardment from without—always an *intestine* broil within—in-somuch, that many of the principal families and inhabitants *decamped*, and past to *Cologne* or some neutral city on the *Rhine*.

The river *Dymel*, now, very soon served to divide two fine armies, as the *Lippe* had done before—an irruption into *Hanover* was the French point in view, as ours was to *PREVENT* it. Much skirmishing and interception of convoys brought on the affair of *Warbourg*—where, according to *Gazettes*, both
parties

parties were *gainers* and *losers*.—But, I believe impartial people will give us, on that day, many advantages too tedious to relate, unless by word of mouth.

The affair of *Corbach* soon followed, and an unlucky wood, which the French had a *prior* possession of, destroyed many gallant *Englishmen*, by *masked* batteries; so planted, that it was impossible to discover them—several of the trees were *sawed* half through, I mean all those to the *front*, and in a minutes time these were *thrown* down, to make a passage for balls, which flanked us in such a manner, as to prevent our escaping their *direction*.—In the *retreat*, and a very *calm* one we made, fell a lieutenant-colonel of ours, who seemed marked for destruction, and ill-fortune; being the only one of all his regiment *killed* or *wounded*, and himself seemingly out of all danger.

And now, my lord, though I faithfully promised never to transport you so far north as *Berlin* again, yet may I not speak a word or two of *Dresden*? And of those miseries there, which *posterity* never can *believe*, as the *present* age almost *doubt* of them.—I will antedate my history a little, and give your lordship my private reason, why the war was first kindled in *that* part of the world.

The *Titanian* army of the late king of *Prussia* soon grew out of vogue, the moment *Frederic* III. ascended the throne.—In his confinement at *Clustrin*, he studied the military art, under some venerable officers, *fellow-prisoners* with himself; and, on his putting on the *diadem*, he soon put in *practice*, what before he saw in *theory* only.

His army grew to such an amazing size, that, besides the *jealousy* of his *neighbours* and *allies*, it grew uneasy to *himself*.—Whatever were his *private* views, the *public*, perhaps, never will know—but it was very strange, that a prince in the profoundest
hour

hour of *peace*, should keep near 200,000 men, unless he meditated some *private* blow himself, on a weak and ill-provided neighbour.

As his army naturally took their turns of duty, scarce a regiment in his service had escaped his personal notice. — At *Potzdam*, he always was his own *adjutant*—gave *the word of command* himself—and by *that* means, *saw*, and was *seen*, by his *whole army*—a circumstance very useful in military countries—and what raised *Swedish Charles* and *Kouli-Khan* to such a pitch of power abroad, and affection among his troops at home.

It was rather a mystery how the king *supported* such an *host of men*, on a country so *dissipated* and *scattered*—and what at best may be called a *barren*, tho' not *uncultivate* country—for, to do him justice, he has certainly encouraged every thing that can be brought to perfection—and where the ground is *sandy* (as in the environs of *Berlin*) vineyards of the *hock-grape* are planted; and, at least, the *face* of the earth is covered with a pleasing and chearful *verdure*; if the year *fails*, so as not to produce good wine—and which latter does not so often happen, as one would imagine—the same *species* of grape flourishing equally in as cold grounds on the banks of the *Rhine*.

To return to his army; every town, village, and hamlet swarmed in the calmest hour of *peace* and *tranquility* with troops of *some* kind or *other*—their pay so small, that without hopes of being *employed* and getting *additions*, one should imagine neither officers would *serve*, or men *enlist*. The private view of every *separate* man, then, was an incursion into some *richer* country; and an opportunity soon offered to enter the garden of the world—*Saxony*, and that *emporium* of north Europe—*Dresden*.

Plots and machinations of the deepest dye were given out to be *forming* against him—in the firmest alliance

alliance a *flying* army marches into the elector's *capital*, enters his *palace*—and while the *rummage-general* was making, even the decency of a *lady's closet* was superseded by that *wildest*, though not *mildest*, of all laws—the *law of arms*!

I think the late *general Keith*, who afterwards fell at the *night rencounter* of *Hoch-Kirken*, was the person pitched upon to perform the welcome, or unwelcome office of searching a queen's *private* apartments—no doubt he executed it with all that *politeness*, he ever was master of—but dress the ceremony in what colours you will, the rudeness and violence are still the *same*.

The *queen* pleaded! her maids of honour wept! the king-electer was fled—every avenue of the palace had a brace of grenadiers, and no answer given, but as *Drawcansir* says, when he takes away the *supper*, because I *dare*—I *dare*—I *dare*.

A page of *Grotius*, only justifies a *part* of this proceeding—when he says, (vide the chapter and verse, my lord, for I folded it down when I last saw you,) that if a king, in perfect *alliance* with yourself, is found at the same time to be meditating *treason* or *mischief* against you, and that can be proved either by *living* witnesses, or papers under the hand of the cabinet; such a country may be broke in upon, without any the least previous ceremony, and war may begin, as the French say, *Sur le champ*.

But! if this was the *case*, entirely (in *part*, perhaps it was) why were not *all* the secret Papers *published*, as was *promised*? A garbled Letter may, and will always make against even the most *intimate*—As a private man and friend to the Cause, I have, often wished the *whole* had been laid open!

—For suppose the ill-natured and ill-judging world (and which by the bye is the *majority*, greatly) should say, and talk in this manner. “The king

king of *Prussia* had begun an expence he could by no means support, and therefore was obliged, *quo jure, quâque injuriâ*, to commence a war, or have a military faction in the Bowels of his own country."

—I know there are not wanting those who say as much—and, as a friend to that monarch, where an opportunity presents itself, I would defend him—Heaven and himself best know the source of this proceeding!

Before the fatal and destructive war in question, no country abounded more than *Saxony*, in all improvements of art or beauties in nature—the *China* manufacture is too universally admired not to be pitied in its declension—And, believe me! the liberal arts were there in a most blooming state, as lord *Stormont* (a man of genius, and sent from the court of *Great-Britain* to *Dresden* in a public character) can testify.

The public gardens, there, are now a desert—*Leaden* statues were metamorphosed into bullets; and *copper* and *brass* public ornaments into doits, to supply each soldier's private necessity—and since I have mentioned this mutation of property, give me leave, my lord, just to hint what universal distress has, and will still flow, from the k—g of P—a's entire change and metamorphosis of coin in general.

Before the war, every sovereign prince in Germany had a currency of good silver, exclusive of his *ducat* (single or double, the golden coin of all foreign states in the north of Europe)—give and take was the maxim (and a proper one) of every the minutest state, and with what measure you mete perhaps was the text of every Calvinist or Lutheran preacher throughout this vast territory.

But the king no sooner entered *Saxony*, than he seized all the real silver coin, and converting it to his own use, gave in the room a piece of stamp

mixt

mixt metal, not worth an intrinsic farthing—and yet, wearing the *mark* of some prince (I might add, *unfortunate prince*) said currency was deemed *good*, while the *armies* remained there, at least—But after the war, where is all this *trash* to go? The rich will not *accept* it, and therefore the misfortune will fall on the *general*—which generality is the *poor*!

To make your lordship understand this better, I will suppose that a *Jew* offers me 80,000 *l.* sterling in *ducats* (or gold *bullion* of any sort) for the liberty of coining 100,000 *l.* of base metal—I give him the leave, and as it is a *conquered* country, instead of prostituting my *face*, and o' course my *name*, when the discourse comes on about payment, I give him the privilege also, to put the elector of *Saxony's* countenance there, or that of the prince *regnant* of *Mecklenburgh*; as was also the case.—

The money is *current*, for the *time* at least—and while by all-conquering power I give *this* liberty, my pockets are replenished with 80,000 *l.* sterling, while a *Jew* gets 20,000 *l.* more by *finding* the materials for *such* coin and the liberty to make it *current*.

Some of our soldiers who had been bred to the *hard-ware* trade, and had workt, occasionally, at *Birmingham*, imitated this coin so well that many *companies*, for a *while* were paid with it—and I do believe the Dutch sent whole *ship*-loads to the army by the way of either the *Elbe*, *Wefer*, or *Ems*; this money is *still in being*; and for a *value* received—who then are the *Sufferers* but the *poor*, and indeed the *INDUSTRIOUS*?

At *Emden* (in East Friesland) I think the populace were so discontented and dissatisfied at their *king's* coining money of *this* nature, that they entered the houses of *Jews* there, and having pillaged them of several *casks*, threw them into the *river*, but forgetting to punch off the *heads*, all was found entire! and little damage happened, but frightening

the governor's *maid-servant*, who then was in the *Straw*.

But *Saxony*, my lord, was not the only *sufferer*—Wherever the Prussian colours *waived*, there *waived* desolation.—*Silesia*, felt a part—*Bohemia*, more—But imagine not, my lord, that enemies are not good accomptants and understand *debtor* and *creditor* well, for the enemy practised on *Berlin*, *Pomerania*, *Juliers* and *Bergues*, and the dutchy of *Cleves* every excess (by the *lex talionis*) which *Frederick* had so *cruelly*, and perhaps *unjustifiably*, exercised on them.

In the affair of *coin*, the princes (conquered and unconquer'd) were *even* with him—for when they found that their real *silver* went to a stranger, and its return was only *base-metal*, they *paid him in his own coin*, and having got a *sample* or two of the same, stamp'd away with his own *image*.—Thus they gave to *Cæsar* the things which were *Cæsar's*—and taught him, that however his *arms* might drive people away from their reason, his *coin* should not—for there they would *give him* as good as he *brought*—thus the currency of *Germany* at present is a kind of school-boy's chuck-farthing *dumps*—thanks to the *mints* of *Frederick III.*

The beautiful manufacture of *Cbina* at *Dresden*, or rather *Meissen* (some few miles from it) was wantonly destroyed in an hour of some military disappointment—Nay, the very *clay*, equally as the *moulds*, fell a sacrifice to the unbridled fury of *Prussians*, who were at length taught to be no respecters of *countries* or *persons*.

But at present, my lord, where I speak of a *Prussian army*, don't imagine that the *now* marching troops of *Frederick III.* are a fifteenth, or at least a tenth part of that army with which he left *Brandenburgh*, at the beginning of the war—the *flower* of those troops is gone! Some in *battle*—

many

many by *fatigue* and *sickness*—more, from *desertion*—The original troops had a peculiar *attachment* and *fidelity* to their monarch, whom they knew, and daily saw in the course of a palace *parade*, or country *review*.—But what think we, or can we think, of a *motly* army made up like the *British legion* (or *legion Britannique*) of the refuse each o'er-cloy'd county vomits forth (according to king *Richard*) or a collection of *deserters* from a *visible* and almost *approaching* enemy—one half of his army stands *centinel* on the other, and we saw at the battle of *Hoch-Kirchen* (and other places) how little they *affected* his service after the first *Douceurs* were past of fresh *inlusting* money, whenever they had an opportunity to *desert* his service.

Yet this is the *Ally* who is at least to *serve*, if not *save*, us from all *bodily* danger—and so *wild* and *eccentric* were we in our imaginations of success when this invincible hero, *first*, took the field, that every one imagined, in case the French landed, a *wing* of *Prussian* cavalry and infantry would on the instant, *take wing* and *fly* to our service—when it is now well known, that even with the *visible* assistance of near a *million* sterling—and a most favourable *diversion* made by our British troops in *Lower Saxony*, this hero can hardly keep his *buskins* on, and tread out the *moiety* of his difficulties—

Whatever he may have *privately* got, is, *privately*, best known to him—But *publicly* we know that he has lost the income of many pretty dominions (such as *Cleves*, *Juliers* and *Bergues*, *Friesland*, *Lingen*, &c. &c. &c.) and not only *those*, but has suffered the greatest loss of all, *health*—some even say his *temper*, *peace of mind*, and all that is so valuable to others—his *friends*—

The barbarian *Russes*, as commonly called, behaved with less rigor on their entering *Berlin*, than the world imagined.—Great respect was paid to his

town palaces of *Berlin* and *Podsdam*—and his country villas of *Sans-Souci* and *Mon-Bijoux* saw little of the fury of the so talked of *northern* armies,—’Tis even said, that a *German flute* was not taken away, because the king had often *plaid* upon it—and some *reflecting telescopes*, though so necessary to armies in general, only served them, the conquerors, while they staid, to give a view of *Podsdam* and its environs.

I fear your *papers* and *gazettes*, my lord (for I did not receive them so very *correctly* as your lordship *conveyed* them) never represented these affairs in their *true* light.—As a citizen of the *wide* world, I will never be so *narrow* to conceal *Defects*, or publish *virtues*, as the current *fashion* runs: no, my lord—I, who never saw but one *Russian* (namely, the *Calmuck* at prince Ferdinand’s quarters after the battle of *Custrin*) will ever speak *well* of them where they *deserve*—and imagine, on a fair and impartial *trial*, that the troops of *Brandenburgh* have committed ravages *equal*, if not *superior*, to any the most mountainous produce of *Russia* exercised on any of his dominions.—

Why *Mecklenburgh* suffered so extremely is not my business to relate; infinite contributions were levied throughout *that* country, young *men* forced to arms, and *borses* driven away from their native country to drag cannon or carry *black* hussars, perhaps, more swiftly to some *black* enterprize—I say, after all this, the very *bells* in their churches were seized, and the *clocks* in their houses—not to be released till a certain farther contribution was *raised* on an almost destitute and impoverished people.—

But these, my lord, to you peaceable Islanders are but the *rumours* of wars, if compared to what *Othello* calls the *ocular proof*—Paragraphs of this nature read mighty agreeably by a good parlour fire, when a glass of *generous wine* wipes away the
idea

idea of such *ungenerous* behaviour, as *victorious* armies generally shew to the *vanquished*—at least in that part of the world, where *manners doth not* (according to *William of Wickham's* adage) *make the man*—but strict discipline will always constitute the *soldier*.—

Whatever may be the *private* orders of generals on *particular* capital commands, I care not—Each should answer for his conduct to the commanding officer (next to his own *conscience*) and then to the *world*—But on reading the king of *Prussia's* *horse-discipline* some years ago, I was amazed to see in *print*, and that ratified by his *Authority*, how a soldier in *backing* down an enemy was not to *listen* to any cries of *mercy*.—Your lordship will see this more particularly about the middle of that volume intitled *horse-discipline*, as translated in London.

I shall very soon treat your lordship with a jaunt back again to the *electorate*—only, before I quit this part of the world, let me also add, that the *public* escapes from danger in battle and skirmish have not been a moiety of those *private*, and therefore more *dangerous* ones of *assassination* and *poison*—A conspiracy of too horrid a nature to repeat was on *foot*, and nearly *perpetrated* on his majesty, wherein his almost next of kin was *concerned*—Some generals were *banged* at that time without any *visible* trial (the treasonable papers being found on them) which gave the bye-standers sufficient reason to more than *suspect* what the king and his particular cabinet could so well *prove*. At this time the king's own *brother*, quitting his *post* in the army, and retiring to *Berlin*, opened a window to some suspicions, which must be a part of a *private* discourse, my lord, when the *one-horse* chair, no footman *behind*, and an *open* plain give us leave to communicate our *real* thoughts *aloud*.

Could

Could the king of *Prussia* ever have imagined, that the *public* calamities of Europe in *general*, and his kingdom in *particular*, would have extended themselves to this *unseasonable* and *unreasonable* length, no doubt he would have found means to *stifle* the flame in its *infancy*—but, perhaps, on his rushing so inopinately into *Saxony*, he thought to terrifie them into such an *obedience* and implicit *subjection*, as should amply *recompence* him for his labour and expence—whereas the *crust* was really too hard for him to *chew*, and he met an opposition he *never* expected.

The elector's troops were in tolerable *discipline*—his *generals* loved and feared him—but on the *head's* quitting the camp at *Pirna* no wonder the *flock* followed, where the new *leader* should chuse to guide them. Your lordship may remember, what an army he gained unto him at once, with *cloathing*, *arms*, *ammunition*, &c.—tho' most of these troops afterwards *deserted*, and went, partly with the *Austrians*, but chiefly into the *French* service.

Of such a *motly* composition is the *Prussian* army at present, that 'tis a *quere*, if his very *body guards* are natives of *Prussia*, or *Brandenburgh*—two *Russian* battles, tho' only one of them a *victory* on their side; cost him the *flower* of his army—for, my lord, the battle of *Custrin*, tho' it ended in a conquest to him, was a very expensive one—and let any man recollect the affair of *Hoch-Kirchen*, the siege of *Olmütz*, and many others without *partiality*, and he will find the ballance *against* him, very *heavy*.

So distressed has he been for men, that tho' at his taking possession of *East Friesland*, he stipulated with them for a *certain* sum, never to raise recruits in *that* province; yet has he been found, by necessities of war, to break his word with those his (perhaps) *liege* subjects, and seize the young fellows of the coun-

country—tho' I never heard, that he *bated* one *dollar* of their *free-gift*.

Let us now, my lord, leave his *majesty of Prussia* to his fate, and, if a *bard* one, how can we *soften* it? two *inraged queens* are enemies invincible, as to the *revengeful* part—and having power withal, they will push it to the *last*—add to this; that length of *time* and frequent *drubbing* (as Sir *Edward Hawke* calls it) has made the *Austrians* and *Russians*, equally good soldiers as his own—nor are his *rules* of discipline for a *Prussian* army at all difficult to be followed by *others*, when known, and known they generally are by *deserters* almost as soon as published. So that he has more than once, been fought at his *own* weapons.

Now, my lord, let *Saxony*, *Bohemia*, and that part of the *upper* empire take care of themselves—at least for a while—the king of *Prussia* is too much engaged to *aid* and *assist* us—and, perhaps, if he could, would not, with half the eagerness we fly to *his* assistance—this happens often, my lord, in *private* life—the world are like your hackney-coach or chair-men, when the sun shines and all is dry *below* as well as *above*, they are ever proffering you their best and readiest *service*—but let it *rain*, my lord, and you shall both *pay* and *pray* too, according to a *vulgar* saying, before you can obtain even the civility of a common answer—nay, and well off, if they do not, as they turn the *deaf* ear to you, give your cloaths a seemingly accidental *blackwash*—from *envy* too, that you are *better* drest than themselves.

The pretty county of *Bentheim*, but a few years since annexed to the *electorate* by purchase—or, which is the same, *lapsed* for want of ready money in the heir, to clear off *principal* and *interest* of an heavy mortgage—more than *once* changed masters, like the city of *Munster*. Indeed, an odd accident

occa-

occasioned the *latter* falling into the hands of the *allies* some *weeks*, or at least *days*, sooner than *otherwise* it would have done.—

The *elector of Cologne* insisted, as the city was his *own*, that he might appoint his own *governor*.—Accordingly, it was *so* granted—but the person commanding the *troops* being vexed at this slight, played *booby*, and not giving him that immediate relief he wanted, the *citadel* was easily *surprized*—and this little jealousy operated quicker than the very weighty arguments of *Buckeburg's* forty-pounders.

The city lies *low*—and being very *extended* in its fortifications, 'twas difficult to maintain it long.—Compact and close fortifications, like those of *Liste*, *Arde*, *Aere*, and many others in *French Flanders*, will give besiegers great trouble, and probably charge the account of *profit* and *loss* much higher.

Various expeditions were now talked of in *England*, the better to palliate the unhappy affair of *St. Cas*. *Belleisle*, since reduced, was *one* of them—port *l'Orient*, a *second*—But the glee after *coast* expeditions and *Britanny* conquests was such that even *Brest* was one of the number.

One capt. C——e, well known in the *interior* chambers of ministers, as it is said, laid a good design of *this* kind, and proved with some others, that no place was impregnable where the *English* could *exert* themselves.—'Twas even rumoured further, that formerly some clever fellows of our nation, of the rank of *gentlemen*, were permitted by us to enlist in the *Irish* and *Scotch* brigades, the better to carry away with them *plans* of this (so pretended) *impregnable* and *insuperable* place, by having done duty in their *tour* all over that *extended* fortification. A farther anecdote is *confirmed* almost, that one of these submitted to do some *offence*; for which he was sent to the criminal's prison,

son, in order from thence, as it was a *lofty tower*, and on an eminence, to take a better and more accurate survey of the whole.

Be this as it may: 'tis well known, that the very *interstices* of this place are no strangers to us; and whether obtained by *this* or *other* equally laudable methods, it matters not, while we remain in possession of the secret. There is an academy here, on the footing of our *Woolwich* and *Portsmouth* ones (perhaps better conducted) and a *draft*, by way of *prize-performance*, according to annual custom, was sent and presented to the French king—Several copies, and, I believe, even a copperplate of it, were made *subsequent* thereto—and one of them, by means of a friendship with the gentleman so often mentioned in the beginning of this letter, was given in secrecy to the late duke of *Marlbro'*.

It was a kind of *festival* evening when the French took both the *first* and *last* possession of *Bentheim*, and that they restored the *count* to his estates and honours, and to as much of the income as could be found in a little *treasury*, so exhausted by the necessities of the times—He was in the light of a *stage king*—and for the time, "*strutted and fretted*" (as Shakespeare says) *and then was heard no more.*"

However, to conclude the *comedy*, he made many *nominal* officers, and erected a *military* order of knighthood, and for which he found near as many candidates as though the honour was perpetual and *hereditary*. Your lordship may easily imagine what hearty *laughs* must run thro' the castle of *Bentheim*, when knighthood was bestowed more liberally than on a city address, when the credit of the nation wants a little *strengthening*.

The elector of *Cologne* had so little feeling for the sufferings of his large *bishopric* of *Munster*, that it

was publicly known he never would read any memorials, though ever so *moving*, on the calamities which had befallen that very unhappy country, as being the seat of war—His *game-keepers* constantly supplied him with those delicacies the spot in general so abounds with, and being sovereign bishop of five different places, his dishes ever came up by *that* number; when pointing to them with his finger, he would say, *Munster*, one—*Cologne*, two—*Paderborn*, three—*Osnabrug*, four—and so on—the latter being *alternative* is *pro hac vice* in the disposition of the elector of *Hanover*—and intended, as it is said, for a third brother of our illustrious family.

That wing of the French army which extended itself to the county of *Bentheim*, occasionally made incursions to the king of *Prussia's* out-lying territories of *Lingen* and *East-Friesland*—Mr. *Cumberland*, a *French* partisan, but native of *Ireland*, run all over the latter, and since, nay very lately—at the instant of my writing this, levied excessive contributions on *East-Friesland* in general, and *Emden* in particular. I will endeavour to give your lordship a *reason*, if any *such* can be given, why this county has suffered so much in this their *last* expedition.

The city of *Emden* is, by near the *half*, inhabited with *Jews*. When captain (now admiral) *Holmes* went up the *Ems* with a couple of *bomb* vessels in the beginning of the war (I mean, in that winter when the French possessed *Bremen*, *Emden*, and all that part of the world) he threw a few *shells* into the said city—But I never could learn, as his force was so *small*, what was the real intention of his *mission* there.

However, the *Jews*, who, by writing in the eastern languages to one another, are the *closet*, *lock* and *key* (according to *Othello*) for *villainous secrets*, if I may *continue* the expression—made the *French* garrison believe, that these two ships were only

only the *van* of a very considerable fleet, *steering*, or *to steer* for the port of *Emden*. And producing some *sham* letters from *London*, still in their own language, which still *heightened* the mystery, they proved that 14,000 English were designed for that place, and were absolutely now on shore in full march, to surprize and possess it—The French fearing their *retreat* might be cut off from the *main* army, now stretching for *Coesfeld* and the *Lippe*, immediately *decamped*, and in such an hurry that some of their *cannon* and *waggon*s fell a booty, and when the magistrates desired the present marshal *Broglio* to direct them *how* to act, he said all he had to observe was, “ that he hoped they would present capt. *Holmes* with his freedom in a gold box, and give him a grand dinner, and then bid them good day.—The *freedom* was given—the *box* remains to be given, or *No*.

They were scarce out of the gates when the trick was easily discovered—and they (the French) vowed vengeance against the inhabitants on some *future* day (particularly the *Hebrew* Jews) and the which they accordingly have executed, as the news-papers inform us.

It was on the French *quitting* it, that an *bundle* offered to send *one single* regiment there—and which was accordingly done—This stratagem of *possessing* a town, belonging to our magnanimous ally, and then left *vacant* by the enemy, made the *book* very easily go down—and accordingly the *fifty-first Battalion* was sent, as I observed to your lordship before, whose colonel o’ course was commander in chief of all the forces *then* in Germany,—nor did any the most sagacious politician, either *in* or *out* of a coffee-house, ever dream that a man at the *belm*, who so vigorously declared his unfeigned *non-assent* to *German* measures, should so readily concur in

transporting, it may well be called a *transportation*, my lord, so many regiments *afterwards*.

In the beginning of the war, partly as the *seat* of action seemed to be there, but chiefly to enrich a country of our all-magnanimous ally, *Emden* was the grand passage *to*, and *from* Germany—but the scene *changing* afterwards, the river *Weser* afforded an hospitable landing-place to *Britain's* best troops—for, like *generous* house-keepers, we entertained a *stranger*, almost, with the *primitia*; and made any thing serve for *ourselves* and *friends*.

Osnabrug, *Paderborn*, and even *Hesse*, now changed masters with as much ease as a *turn-over* apprentice—But the poor inhabitants often felt their pockets lighter on the *departure* as well as *arrival* of *one* or *other* enemy—You would hardly think how peremptorily contributions are raised; and though a larger sum (*in terrorem*) is generally demanded than is *taken*, yet this kind abatement sets tolerably *heavy* on a people so exhausted, as the most remote corner of *Germany* now finds itself.

The proud *Bremeners* now grew prouder, as it was made the passage *to* and *from* *Germany*—The privilege of having no troops quartered in their town, was such an one, as could hardly be matched, while every other part of the *electorate* felt the weight of *friends*, as well as *foes*. All the troops, cantoned in the *environs*, o' course made *Bremen* their constant market, by which means English *guineas* were in greater plenty than *silver* now among us in *London*—at least *half-crowns*—And so delighted were they with this species of coin, that the word *ducat* was forgot, when a native of our country made a bargain for any thing—and every thing was a *guinea* or *half-guinea* without any the least *fraction*.

The common method of supplying the army with the *munitions* of war and necessaries of all kinds,

kinds, was by *boats* drawn, like our *west* country barges, *up* the stream—But 'twas a melancholly scene, when the river has been so *abated*, and sometimes so *frozen*, that *cloathing* and *forage* have been *stranded* for months almost—to the great disappointment of our *army*.

But the *Bremeners* perhaps privately *rejoiced* at this, well knowing that one cargo *lost*, a second must be *obtained*—and, when so much wanted! like certain inhabitants of *'Change-alley*, they could raise the price of stock *ad libitum*.

The cause of much *loss* to us is, that, *after* a war, our *commissariats* are turned *adrift*, nor have the least *provision*—The *French* keep up a proper part of this body, even in the profoundest hour of *peace*—we knowing that an *end* will come, pluck away for the *time being*, and, like certain prostitutes, cry—*let's take it while 'tis going*.

I am well informed that the out-standing *forage* bills abroad exceed *two* millions—and, without *deduction* or *hesitation*, what prince *Ferdinand* *signs* we must *abide* by—'twould be difficult to find out what *collusions* there may be between German *commissaries* and those German *officers*, who are the *channel* to the commander in chief's person—I throw no reflexions here but on *underlings*—and I remember to have heard, or rather *overheard*, a certain *Bremener* once ask in *German*, when he thought nobody could understand him—Well, what *sort* of a receipt will you have? or, in other words, we will cut up the *lion*, and divide the *skin* between us—concluding, no doubt, with the old *adage* (too often levelled at us) that *fools* and their *money* are soon *parted* with.

At *Emden*, I think a few *stacks* of *hay*, had one way or other cost the nation about ten pound a load—when the *French* approached *Meppen*. It was held right for the *commissaries* to *transport* said hay

hay in boats, and let it fall down the *Ems*—it did so; and boats there being tolerably *dear*, each and every such machine, was charged at so much a *day*, for some months; which same hay lay there exposed to *wind, rain*, and whatever other favour that odd climate chose to *bestow* on it—by and by it is brought to *Emden*—there a few ugly and clumsy *hay-stacks* are made; and it bears immediately the name of a *magazine*—had the same magazine been left at *Meppen*, or fallen into *French* hands, we should have heard no *more* of it—they perhaps, at *best* would have sold it for *ten shillings a load*—and we could have bought such hay of *that* or the *preceeding* year, for about twenty shillings; for *East Friesland* is a *grass* country in general.

But, then, how would ten or a dozen *commissaries* have lived out of it? Would this have paid all the delicacies of a *tavern-larder*, and given them cash to drench down *Burgundy*, like common *two-penny*? Believe me, my lord, no nation makes war on such *hard* and *unequal* terms—and only consider with yourself, what a fleet of transports must be engaged to bring near 30,000 men home again, when the sea has been covered almost with a single regiment of *cavalry*, or *dragoons*—more particularly, if a *royal* one—as then, there is an *extraordinary* squadron. None of these *tremendous* difficulties attend an *Austrian* or *French* army—they begin their march on a *fixed* day, and in so many more, get to their *journey's* end: when the war is over, they return the same way—and neither *wind, weather, neap*, nor *spring* tides retard their operation.

I think a foolish piece of *economy*, I mean, when thrown into the scale of such *incomprehensible* expence, as we are at, lost us the *Russians*—they had been *subsidized* by us many years—and it was, in *politics* a most unlucky stroke, their ever being permitted to see the *fertility* of this part of Europe.

The

4/ The Saxons, some centuries ago, were invited over to England by way of *saving* and *serving* us—they performed the *first*—and then thought of nothing but *serving themselves*—the rich meadows of *England*, were not to be quitted for the sands of *Westphalia*—and the *Goths*, with the *Vandals* liked the *Roman* cultivations too well, ever to leave them and *Tiber's* green banks, for their old quarters in the *North*.

Lend me your *sty*, says the *wolf* in the fable—I shall have *littered* long before you want to be in the *straw*—the foolish *Sow* gave up possession, I think, and the *Wolf* was lawyer sufficient, to know that he had carried *nine points* against her.

Peace was again, so universally the topic at camp, and every where else, that I think a needy, but greedy, officer, for the sake of touching some *ready rino*, agreed to pay a *ducat* a day, while the war lasted, to any one that would give him about *fifty in hand*—unluckily for him, some body *snatched* at the proposal—and the poor lad is ruined by paying *daily* above twice the value of his own pay.

L—d G—S— being now out of the service, was supposed to be the author, *ad latas* (at least) of several *severe truths*, which now *daily* and *hourly* issued from every *press*. There is a time, for even the mists of a *December's* day to evaporate—and the time will also come, when *truths* will shine clear, and the fogs of *prepossession* dissipate.

Could any one have imagined, my lord, and, it was often your own very most *serious* observation; “that a single regiment sent to *Emden* by way of “keeping the king of *Prussia's* town warm for him, “and that for a time *limited*; should be the *lure* “to draw an army, there, afterwards—Oh, one “single, and very young battalion there, if only to “be *drilled* into the *Prussian* exercise, will be no great “detriment—’Tis useless at home, being so young in officers

“ in officers and men.—The moment the *French* are
 “ so far from the town, that there is no fear of
 “ their *return*, I will be the first to vote a *return* of
 “ ours. But besides—if *that* feint will not *answer*,
 “ I can tell you (and I mentioned this at the be-
 “ ginning of my letter) that the *populace* are very
 “ enraged against the *magistracy*; and 'tis feared
 “ nothing but a garrison will keep the *peace* there.”

But pray what were the magistrates or populace of *Emden* to us? We might as well, or with the same degree of *prudence*, have ordered a regiment to the *north pole*, by way of watching the coming on of winter, and breaking the *ice* there, before it grew into a *mass*. This kind of argument may do well enough for all that herd of *submissives* near the sunshine of a court, who, like *Polonius* (in *Hamlet*) say the cloud is a *whale*, or the whale an *ouze*, just as the question is asked by a *superior*.

Marshal *Broglie*, though bred hitherto in the bed of *Parisian* luxury, very soon became the *veteran* soldier, and, by way of setting the example himself, slept in a common *marquée*; that other *generals* and *colonels* might be near their duty, and not know the delicacies of *bed-quarters*. However this gave disgust at *first*, *latterly* it was relished—and much of the disgrace of *Minden*, it is said, was owing to *Contades'* universal indulgence throughout the officers of *rank* and *family* in his army. Many of them were in *bed* in the city of *Minden* when the attack *began*; and though they hastened to the spot, could hardly find an occasion of *joining* their own *corps*—It was perhaps for want of these gentlemen being near their commands, for *nobles* and *superiors* carry great weight with the *soldiery*, that the panic seized an whole army so soon—for having past over some *narrow paths*, across the great *mo-ras*, so as not to be able to go more than *four a-breast*, the quick Frenchmen began immediately to
 recollect

recollect—"But how am I to get *back* in an hurry, "and when the *croud* thickens?"—I remember this "morning it was difficult to pass with above two "or three in *file*."—the contagion caught—The devil take the *hind-most* was the cry, and every man *shifted* for himself, in spite of all remonstrances to the *contrary*. This affair very greatly helped that sudden overthrow they met with—and when they were retreating to the walls of *Minden*, many officers were then coming out of the gates; whose *personal* appearance might perhaps have prevailed on the soldiers to have *staid* on the field of battle, at least some minutes *longer*—By such fatalities are *victories* often obtained.

As your lordship was in *Great-Britain* at the time, and myself in *Germany*, except in some little short excursions to England's *great* city, just to wear off the rust contracted in *German* villages, it is but natural I should confine myself to that department of the war which I met with there—a recital of any *American* business would be very ridiculous in me; and would fail of *credit* too. Nor can I imagine you ignorant of any, the least, branch of *that* history, who are punctual in your *news-papers*, *magazines*, &c. &c. &c. and have such farther substantial opportunities, from letters sent no doubt on the part of your own relations, now in the army of general *Amberst*.

I have, therefore, waived all recapitulations on that head—and shall only mention that the *feu de joye* we always gave on any success in that part of the world (*America*) gave the French sufficient cause of *uneasiness*—Few people care to be paid in their *own* coin—and, as they set us the *noisy* example in the affair of *St. Cas*, when our army encamped on the *Lippe*, we thought it right to see who could make the *loudest*—and *trump-about* was the jest of every suttler's *tent* or officer's *marquëe*.

I have

I have occasionally just mentioned the affair of *Hoch-Kirchen*, where the king lost his favourite general and counsellor, *Keith* (brother to the once attainted earl-marshal of *Scotland*) and almost lost himself—The affair was terrible; and more so as it was in the *dark*.—'Twas a copy of those camp surprises we read of in *Homer* and *Virgil*; which always stamps the general and great commander—especially among those who love *blood for their money*.

How the king of *Prussia* should be off his guard so, is, as the French call it, *une mystere de la cour*.—'Twas a kind of *rejoicing* night, as I have been well informed, and his soldiers, though in general very *sober* and *abstemious*, were this once of the order of *irregulars*—when *sleep* was to be supposed to have rendered them not so much on the *qui vive* as usual, a young general in the *Austrian* service (I think his name was *Stamperg*) solicited marshal *Dann* for a sufficient force, in order to give a *coup de maitre* to the *Prussians* in their camp.

However, at *first*, the affair might appear feasible, I cannot say: but 'tis plain, that at *last* the reasons were found sufficiently cogent, and a young gentleman of the *first* family, appearing at the head of it, gave a sanction almost irresistible.

At *dead* of night (you will observe, my lord, that the armies were *close*, and in the day-time in *fight* of each other, insomuch, that they did expect a regular battle *next* day) this young gentleman marched, with all that precaution necessary on *such* important occasions, and having, *luckily* for himself, though *fatally* for the king, found the out-posts not on the *strictest* guard, they were surprised, with an *alacrity* scarce to be described—A farther circumstance much aided and assisted the enterprize—for they were *Saxon*—and being rather in the interest of *Austria* (by a force into the *Prussian* service) they discovered some secrets to the enemy, which otherwise perhaps even *torments* could

could not have extracted from them—such as the *parole* and *countersign*, the most sacred of all secrets in camps, and on which depends the very being and security of kings and commanders when nature requires repose.

Changing habits with these men, the *Austrians*, who speak the same language, relieved soon the centres nearest the king's person—and, when the signal was given that all was ready, so near was the danger, that the *marshal*, as I said before, was shot through the heart in his tent, as he was drawing on his left boot; and the king had only time just to mount his horse; and, by personally appearing among his men, prevented the contagion, very natural at such a dark and melancholly season, that all was ruined, and he himself among the number of the slain.

By this means a retreat was made, though an expensive one—and to pay proper respect to the memory of his best departed friend, the king strongly recommended the *earl-marshal* to the favour of our court; and his lordship obtained what was dearer to him than any thing now in life, since his brother's fall—his liberty, and that best of all liberties, the revisiting a native country, from whence he had been banished ever since the rebellion of 1715.

The reconciliations of irregular and disjointed councils is not more surprizing than those of private families, when interest is the clue to the labyrinth of their hearts—and the world once as little imagined that the courts of *Great-Britain* and *Berlin* would unite, as that an alliance of marriage should happen between the son and daughter of two most eminent barristers, one of them now at the head of his profession, and living—the other having been dead some years since.—

To elucidate this farther, lord *Marshall* and lord *Tyrconnel* were once the ambassadors to and from *Paris* and *Berlin*—both attainted peers of this realm—and they both, to mark their courts and characters the stronger, and stamp the general disgust against ours, wore the order of *St. George*, as bestowed by his titular majesty at *Rome*. No doubt remonstrances were often made in *private*, though in *public* I never heard of them—'Twas at the time lord *Albemarle* was at *Paris*—and the contrast was rather whimsical to see the *English* ambassador and that of *Berlin* presenting their *mutual* papers, dressed in the same outward and visible sign of honour, though particulars knew the history of one to be of a *spurious* edition.

This anecdote, and what I early mentioned of the rude behaviour of the Prussian monarch at *Berlin*, in the circumstance of the *opera*, will prove, my lord, that in *politics*, *vinegar* and *oil* will unite—in spite of Mr. *Valentine's* assertion in the comedy of *Congreve*—and even *inconsistencies* join when *interest* is the *cement*.

We will now quit *Paris* and *Berlin*, my lord, nay, the plains of *Hoch-Kirchen*, to take a view of *London* for a while—and planting ourselves at different *coffee-houses*, compare notes in the *evening*, of what we saw and heard in the different quarters of this vast metropolis. For *London* is certainly four or five distinct cities; and the people about the *tower* are as different in their manners and sentiments from those of the city first, the temple afterwards, and lastly of *Soho* and *Westminster*, as if one place was a town in *Siberia*, and another the capital of *Tartary*.

Truth is never extracted but by persons passing *incog.* and therefore I must beg your lordship will lay aside your *star* and *ribbon*, and wear the *brown* coat

coat till the experiment is finished equal to our most sanguine wishes.

At George's, the *upper* end of the Haymarket, where all the *colors* of a Rainbow appear in the *facings* of near an hundred regiments (a pretty decent family for a nation to uphold, support and maintain) — the news was, “ Well, Jack, my cousin has got “ a company in the *mintieb*. — And major — is “ made commandant of a new battalion — Affairs “ go swimmingly, by G-d — and the *lord* sends us “ another year or two's war, and then I hope to “ get an independent company of *invalids*, which “ is near as good as a lieutenant-*colonelcy*. — But how “ is *that* replies the other? Oh, in times of peace, “ we are *carelessly* mustered — and I remember *be-* “ *fore* the war broke out, and we were ordered to “ *Germany*, contrary to our wishes, that I seldom “ had above forty in my company, and *faggotted* “ all the rest — I hardly ever saw them, but the “ cash came in clink to my pocket, while I hunted “ and sported all through the *north*.”

Unluckily, a young gentlemen, *not* military, overhearing this, said, “ And so, Sir, the nation “ is to grant money for your extravagances — “ Have you ever done any signal service in *battle*? “ Can you shew a *wound* to merit this favour from “ the *public*? Because many a brave fellow is now “ starving, while you are here eating the bread of “ *idleness*.”

“ 'Sblood, says the captain, let the king of “ *Prussia*, win or lose, I care not — Three meals a “ day, and a bottle or two under my *girdle*, carries, “ in my eye, more real glory than all general *Wolf*, “ with his *grinning honour* (agreeable to *Falstaff*) ob- “ tained at *Quebec*, or *Barrington* at *Guadalupe*.”

It is hoped when the long *exigencies* of the state must cause a scene of œconomy to *re-instate* us, that these military exuberances will be converted to the use

use of the public; who ought always to be the gainers, as they are the constant sufferers.

If his majesty thinks an hundred men, or seventy, are necessary, let that number be kept exactly, as the money is issued for them—because otherwise, if captains can alter this plan to suit themselves, and keep their corps but half full, it is very plain, that half the number are only necessary, while the nation are paying for the whole.

In answer to this it will be said (and by those only who have an interest therein, the surest and strongest eloquence) that having served many years as a subaltern, these *douceurs* are but a reward for all the extra expence and sufferings they endured in a late war—Were this true, my lord, some grains of allowance might be made—But what think you of three regiments of invalids, each of a thousand men, being officered by young fellows fit for the field? While many unfit for the fatigues of war, would gladly enter that corps, and are excluded because this service is so particularly lucrative—I mean when they get the rank of captain.

In time of peace these troops generally garrison the towns in the north—a service little needed now, I believe, my lord. We have no intestine broils, which can occasion a necessity of fortified places—and a town militia might execute that piece of service equally as well—It is hoped, as such œconomy has already been set on foot at the fountain-head, and, after such an effusion of British money, which this tedious, though necessary, war has occasioned, the flood-gates will be shut, and the springs permitted to recover themselves.

I think the paymaster general, for the time being, has the cloathing of these regiments, by being taylor in chief to Chelsea-college—How this happened is rather comical—But shall relate it in few words, as the fact was delivered to me,

The

The person, whose office this originally was, happening to die *insolvent*, the then paymaster-general, Mr. P——m, was necessitated to apply to the late king, in order to remedy such inconvenience for the future—Accordingly, his majesty desiring to be directed *how* such method might best be hit on, Mr. P——m replied—why, suppose the paymaster-general *for the time being* should undertake it—He is a *responsible* man always. When accordingly the office and profits were annexed to him.

No wonder then three regiments of invalids were raised to fill the pockets of an all-rapacious —, for cloathing those in the college, of course the other *mounting* fell to him; and I should not be surprized was he to exert himself *farther*, and get half a dozen such, to the great disappointment of the colonels commanding the same, who have only their *pay*; and that phantom of all phantoms—*rank*.

We will now quit *George's*, and try another different corner of this metropolis, namely, a *coffee* or *public-house* near the *Hermitage*. We shall there find near a score of captains, living on the *fat* of the land, and denying themselves nothing which their Souls *lust* after, by being engaged as masters of *transports* to carry more troops to *Germany*—*Kill* or *not kill*, so much a *ton* is to be paid for (*sleeping* or *waking*) and a pretty fleet, as I said before, will spread the *ocean*, when the remains of 30,000 men, one third of whom are on *horseback*, with *artillery*, *stores*, &c. &c. are to be *re-imported* to *Gravesend*, or the *North*—and many of them, by a second embarkation, to *Dublin* its own self.

Both these *angles* of London then approve, my lord, of a *continental* war, and for the old *standing dish* of a reason, that they are *gainers* by it—But now let us examine *other* corners of this metropolis; and there we shall hear of nothing but melancholy scenes of *bankruptcies*, even among the cautious
and

and prudent—of *unportioned* ladies entering almost into a state of *servitude*, by a mean dependance on some *tyrannical* relation—the *sons* of reputable families sharing the current plunder, by accepting commissions of not *necessary bread*, with all that train of evils which a long and continental war can only occasion.

With all that distress so painted in gazettes, which *France* suffers, I am well informed their interest is *higher*, and equally well paid with ourselves—and while we give 5, 6, 7, nay 8 *l.* to enlist at the *drum-head*, they raise 20,000 men at the expence of so many *half-crowns*.

I shall elucidate this hint, my lord, by informing you of the nature of their *militia*, the constant and almost inexhaustible fund of recruits for their *standing* army. Your lordship, I believe, wants only to have this recapitulated, by way of *refreshment* to your memory; as I believe you resided long enough in *France*, to see how this operates for the good of their kingdom, in *war-time* more particularly.

Every *province* or *county* in *France* (for they differ only in *name* not *quality*) having a *fixed* and *embodied militia*; where the custom and fashion of the country makes them eager to embrace a military life, either as *officers* or *private* men.—'Tis in proportion to the number of *square* acres they raise this body—which is rather a more certain method than from *towns* and *cities*; as they often decay! and lose, by the fluctuation of *trade*, and other mutations, a considerable *part* of their inhabitants.

A militia thus formed is always then a *nursery* both in time of *peace* or *war* for an army, subject to changes either from the *common* mortality of the human race, or that extraordinary one which *battles* or *skirmishes* occasion: and your lordship will find by the *sequel*, how easily a loss of either *one* or *other* is supplied.

bus

Should

Should a loss arrive to them worse than *Minden*, or any one your lordship will please to imagine, the secretary for the department of war writes to the *intendant generale* of some or more provinces, according to the quantity required, that he would make a *draft* immediately—said *provincial* officer gives orders to his inferiors (in the nature of our lord *lieutenants* to their *deputy* lieutenants) that on such a day he will pass such or such places, pitch'd upon as most convenient for the *rendezvous* of their several divisions; accordingly he goes his *circuit*, and if the number of *volunteers* who sometimes exceed the required number, do not offer themselves, a kind of *decimation* is made, or they cast *lots*, agreeable to the circumstances of *times* and *things*.

Upon the *Draft* being made, if any man alledges a reason *why* he does not chuse to go, all that is required of *him* is to find *another* in his room; thus a brother who is *unmarried*, will often represent the *other* who has a family.—Upon this they take a *nom de guerre*, according to the custom of the country, and to answer what ends I can't say, unless it be to prevent being followed and teased by *parents*, *friends*, *relations*, or *sweethearts*; and being ordered to join at a certain place the *equal divisions* made in the other *hundreds* or *partitions* of the said province, immediately; they march towards the seat of war on the *Rhine*, or the *Elbe*, the *Wezer* or the *Ems*.

As they go off, a fresh supply is made to fill up the vacancy in the *Militia* of that particular province, from whence taken.—No *time* is lost! and as three or four years makes a *growing* lad the *perfect* man, you will observe my lord! that in the course of a war, particularly if a *long* one, almost a *new* race of mankind starts up.

This then is certainly an *easy* method to carry on war,—and this, joined to their small *pay*, their *contentment* therewith, and the *cloathing* not being found

by the colonel, to the greater expence of the *nation*, (scandalous practice) makes their army a very *flourishing* one, at a most *moderate* rate.

It is not clear to me, that if 50*s.* will cloathe an *English soldier* from head to foot, the nation should pay near 10 *l. sterling*, to gratifie the luxury of any *colonel*, whose bare *pay* is more than *double* what a foreign service allows.—Because if a war is to be decided at all, it is by *numbers*, (the plan of the French, as mentioned in former papers) and it is plain we could keep up 60,000 men at the price of 20,000, allowing the *colonel* not to have his *douceurs*, as they are commonly but *foolishly* called.—But I know that if this doctrine was vented at *George's*, in the *Hay-market*, no *argument* or *eloquence* would sway there.—No matter, I am pleading for the nation, and when any *general* or *colonel*, with the additional title of *governor*, still pretend to argue, that then, and in that case, no gentleman of rank, honour, or family, would *serve* or venture their lives; I think an *answer* is at hand,—that the mystery of war is not so *deep* as they would *have* it understood, because some of the most advantageous successes and gallant feats we have obtained or performed, were executed by persons who never knew their *part* till *repetition* day came,—I speak of *Clive*, of *Johnson*, and many others, whose names will no doubt be pleasing to *posterity*, as they have sounded so charming in our ears.

Your lordship had no small hand in first establishing our *Militia*; and though the scheme was then the *sneer* of every individual in the old *Walpolian* school, yet *time* has shewed us their *utility*, and will I hope continue that *utility* and *blessing* to our country;—for sure, my lord, it is rather more natural that gentlemen of *property* in a country, should defend that their property, than a list of others who have none to *save*, and o'course none to *lose*.—I mean

mean this not as any *reflexion* on that croud of gallant youths who have served *themselves* and their *families* equally as their *country*, by following the *trade* of war.—All I would signify is, that *interested* persons are not faithful reasoners; and generally those who have *opposed* this laudable and magnanimous scheme of the *Militia*, were either officers themselves, or had a considerable share of their *family* in the *service*.

But the mists of *invasions* are all dissipated now! and it is strange to think how long they reigned in the *countenances* more than in the *breasts*, I hope, of so many sage personages at or not distant from the *helm*. “*He so believed, because he was so taught,*” seems the only solution of the *problem*;—for I think it is tolerably plain, that while our fleet carry such terror through the universe, no body of troops would land in any *vital* part of the dominion,—and if landed fairly, sure the communication would easily be cut off from their country, by the superiority of our navy.

In the *bug-bear* and *un-enlightened* times of a *Walpole* or his successor, a scheme of 20,000 men at or near *Dunkirk*, *Calais*, or any of the *Northern* ports, was an excellent rod to frighten the child into compliance.—How soon we can equip even a *dormant* fleet, may appear by that expedition which was used in fitting out *Boscawen*, at the opening, or *previous* to the war;—though I think the laws of nations all agree, that the commencement of *hostility*, and not the *declaration*, makes it a breach between two crowns.

Suppose then, each county in *England*, and even *Scotland* and *Ireland*—why not? has an embodied and formidable *Militia*, *trained* and *disciplined*,—with officers at their head whom they *love* as well as *fear*,—whose very families have long born a *sway*, and commanded a *reverence* in the counties

where are their places of *residence*.—I say, my lord, suppose *this* the plan, what *foreign* enemy, particularly one so naturally odious to us as *France*, can think of more than just *disturbing* our tranquillity for a few days, when the stream will o'course work itself *clear* again immediately. Conquests they never can think of *keeping*, though they might obtain a few fishing towns by *surprise*.—And yet there are not wanting old fashioned generals, who love that *smack of the whip* called *profit*, so, that they will to this day, in spite of *conviction* to the contrary, argue that we are *ruined*, if in the profoundest time of peace we have not an army of *veterans*.—a *nick-name*, that last word to recommend themselves,—when it is well known that young regiments of *marines*, so long ago as the affair of *Carthage*, worked miracles;—and that at the battle of *Warburg*, *Elliott's* light horse, though they had joined the army but a day *before*, and were scarce a regiment of six months standing, acted equally as well as the *oldest corps* in the field.

But this is a *military* trick! which your lordship no doubt can't be *unacquainted* with,—namely, that a fourth or fifth regiment *in rank* may not have an *officer* or *soldier* in it of greater age or experience than the 90th,—*old* buffs and *young* buffs, the *Tangerines*, and all that parade of *scarlet finesse*, are of the same standing as the recruits,—while the young *marines* at *Belleisle* did more than regiments which have stood ever since Charles II's time.

People who argue in this sort, put me in mind of those old women that love an old inconvenient *manor* house, in preference to a *modern* well contrived box of pleasure, and whenever they purchase in the *funds* give their particular orders to purchase the *old South-Sea annuities*, and *old bank stock*.

If any thing, my lord, remains unsaid of the advantages of a *Militia* to an island which *nature*
has

has made insuperable without the idle defence of *passes, defiles, forts, and fortified towns*, let me add, and it is but a melancholy proof of what I advance, that in the affair of *St. Cas*, our *regulars* were overwhelmed and overthrown by a *Militia*, and that scabbiest of all such forces—a *garde de costa*.

As I mentioned *Elliot's* regiment, and by mere accident, give me leave to mention a small anecdote.—The colonel and lieutenant-colonel were *absent*, and the *major* was to lead them on:—when the *time* came, he made a very short speech, but equal to any on record among the *Romans, Greeks, or Spartans*—“Come, my lads, as you are *young*, I will enter you,—*death* pays all our *debts*, cures all *disorders*, and puts an end to our *cares*.”—The attack was brisk,—many found the advantages he spoke of, for I think near a third of the number *fell*, and got out of debt and trouble. And this reminds me of what I advanced once before, that the most *daring* and *gallant* actions are not always attended with a *mortality* in proportion;—and as history abounds with examples of this sort, *ad infinitum*, I hope, and numbers of people are convinced now, that lord *S—lle*, so well read in history as he is allowed to be, even by his *enemies*, knew the *same*, and therefore that *fear* was not his motive in the unhappy *froideur* on his part at *Minden*.

Willing to save the day by his *own* troops perhaps, he delayed too long, or too much *hesitated* at the precision of *his orders*. Ambitious to be a *principal* and not a *second* in the applause and honour of the day, he became at an instant so far from being *either*, that he fell from a pinnacle of *glory* so as to be dashed in *pieces*, and almost not discoverable where to be found after the headlong accident.

We have not been in *Germany* a good while,—let me give you now a fight, and a last fight too,
of

of a gallant young nobleman, who, by a *ball* in his knee, and not submitting early to *amputation*, died of the wound; though *that* in his breast seemed at first most fatal.—He was buried at *Meurs*, and the whole *French* garrison assisted the magistrates in paying the last sad honours to a very sincere friend and gallant officer, lord *Down*.

Though it may appear whimsical so soon to quit a serious and melancholy subject to introduce a *jest*,—yet as *those* jests, and the liberty of *venting* them on *maribes*, cheers and animates the poor soldier, I cannot help telling your lordship, that a droll grenadier of *Griffin's* having his arm and leg both shattered, before they passed the *Rhine*, refused staying *behind* in order to be *drest*, and for the pleasure of saying he had been *over the Rhine*, a very favourite expression of the army at present, even did some part of his duty there,—till seeing the army defeated, and sinking under the anguish of his wound, he *returned*,—but could not help his jest, telling the *Surgeon*, as he cut off his arm and leg,—*Chelsea, for ever,—dead Chelsea*.—But this I got by *hunting the Weefel*.

I think his name was *Roberts*. And he farther added, that he would extract many a good *dinner* and *supper*, with the appurtenances of a pot of *beer*, out of his *game* leg and arm.—Concluding all, that he went on a *sleeveless* errand.

The *imperial* resident at *Bremen* gave elegant entertainments of music to all *comers* and *goers*—his *lady*, very accomplished—his *daughter*, very beautiful—As they were *Roman* catholics, in spite of all their *visible* politeness, they could not hold faith or amity with *protestants*.—'Twas then imagined, that they were busy in *intelligence*—the *Keser*, or *imperial* post, was within the walls of their *hotel*—by which they had the inspection of various *letters*—It is since come out, that the entertainments were *interested*;

rested; for, while I am writing this very circumstance, the *papers* inform me, that the whole family are apprehended, and sent to *Stade*.

'Twas imagined by the perpetual intercourse of couriers between that family and the *Vice-roy* and governor of *Oldenburg*, belonging to the *Danes*, that the affair of intelligence was carried on that way—Be it as it may, a sister of general *Buccow's*, in the *Austrian* service, who had particular obligations to the late *elector* of *Hanover*, was said also to be *privy*—She lived opposite—and having two daughters also, who understood the *musical* arts of pleasing, 'Twas perhaps a furtherance to the *Design*.

It is to be hoped, the almost rebellious *Bremeners* will be laid on a level with the other subjects of the *electorate*—They have never been *volunteers* in offering those services to *us* or our *troops*, which the world would naturally expect from their situation.—So far from it, that it is well known they have dared to *remonstrate*, at a time they should rather have *aided* and *assisted*—The removing of the hospital from *Nienburg* to this city was one of their heaviest complaints,—nor indeed has any order of prince *Ferdinand's* been exactly *complied* with, but by the alternative of a regiment of *horse* or *dragons*.

Enemies are generally better treated than *friends* on these occasions. The *French* found all conveniences among them;—the old *Landgrave* of *Hesse*, and the present *Landgravine*, daughter of the late king, were but coldly received when they sought *protection* there. It is a city of commissaries at present, and our army best knows by what they *still* feel, and have felt, what obdurate hearts this body *corporate* has when the best of the *British* money has been paid them for the *refuse* and want of commodities;—even the remnant of *French* *magazines*, which weather and time had not *meliorated*—

rated—Nor was this sufficient to satisfy the rapacious appetites of a B——n, a Th——ll, or a M——r; though the profits were at least 63 per Cent.

The *passing* and *repassing* of friends and foes had so drained and impoverished the intermediate country, that, except what the magazines supplied, and they were not always *regular*, the hamlets and towns could afford very little *surplus* from their own necessities. But Stratagems are often necessary to find out whether this want is *real* or *imaginary*—I should rather say *political*.

It has been known, that the natives of *Hanover*, itself, have lockt up their *fowls*, *ducks*, *geese* and *Turkeys* in those kinds of *presses* so universally made use of through Upper and Lower *Saxony*—Such as when *Swift* is speaking of *Baucis* and *Philemon's* bed-stead, are *compact of timber many a load*.—Nay, they have even tied their *bills* with *ribbon* or *pack-thread*, to prevent any discovery from the noise—But what think you, my lord, of a droll fellow in general B——n's, who used to carry one of each sort in a *bag*, and, after having asked in *marching* along, whether they had any *geese*, *ducks*, *bens* or *turkies*, and being answered in the *negative*, he contrived to *pinch* them, after some method or other, so as to make them *querulous*, when, at once, their comrades up in the *grenier*, would make *responses*—joyous to hear their companions in the *open air*, when they were in *prison*.

It was in vain now to deny the *quality* of their live stock, however they might the *quantity*.—The birds had broke their *bandages*, from an eagerness so natural to that part of the creation when *challenged* by their countrymen—and so *plunder*, or *short-price*, which is near the *same*, was the immediate, though not happy consequence.

This

This is commonly called "*La fortune de la guerre*;"—and I have also very often met with another expression equally displeasing,—namely, that of a soldier of *fortune*;—they *both* explain themselves.

I will take the liberty, my lord, once more to resume the subject of what is called the *commissariat*. The distresses just related, and the strange ways and means of *subsistence* often brings it more strongly to my mind—and I mean, now, to propose the *heads* of a plan for establishing such a body in time of *peace*, as shall always be ready on the very breaking out of a *war*.

But before I proceed to this elucidation of my scheme, I am well aware, that many *sage* persons will say, "God forbid we should ever have another *war*!" and then, according to the plan of honest, well-meaning *Jacob Henriques*, declare, that a peace for *ninety-nine years* will be easily brought about—Not so easy, my lord. While princes have large armies, they will meditate *conquests*—and *boiling* ambition must have its periods of *heat* and *cold*, as well as common *fevers*—However, as the affair is between ourselves, let me mention it—and if you call it by the name of *chimera* or *reverie*, I shall be better contented.

That we may not be *destitute* then of these salutary and useful gentlemen at the very beginning of a *war*, and obliged to take up with *Peregrines*, devoid perhaps of *ingenuity*, equally as *integrity*—and strangers to *humanity*, in preventing such a shedding of *Christian money*, as well as *blood*, let us invite, as the French do, some few *Hessians*, *Brunswickers*—others of the dutchies on the *Rhine*, the *Maine*, the *Schelde*, &c. &c. &c.—Let them live, as in a regular *academy*, and be constantly in correspondence with their friends, their relations, and connexions, in every part of *Germany*.

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Let occasional journeys be taken in their *turn*, by permission of a *director* or *governor*—and, during such *journey*, let them* constantly be in correspondence with the *superior* at home, as well as their brother commissaries.

By talking and writing the *foreign* languages together, 'twill be a kind of little *German* colony.—Their pay, when they so travel on the *government's* business, is (naturally) to be *augmented*—and the leave of absence first granted, for a fixed time, is only to be renewed by the superior at home.

I suppose such a body to reside at *Woolwich*, and be made a part of the establishment *there*—Foreigners will leap at such an opportunity of seeing England, and improving *themselves*, or their *fortunes*—and, for *argument's* sake, we will suppose the number limited to *fifty*—not more than two being natives of the *same* particular country, *dutchy* or *principality*.

By a constant correspondence of this nature, we shall always know what kind of an *harvest* was in such or such a part of *Europe*—whether there is a good deal of the *old* stock in hand—and whether also said *old* stock was got in, or *preserved* well—For, my lord, these are far from *immaterial* questions—and we have often, *unsight* and *unseen*, bought even the *musty* refuse of our enemies, the *French*, when it was too late to alter the *contract*.

Let a profound *peace* go on for the term of *Jacob Henriques*—with all my heart. Let it be *longer* still, and so much longer our *prospect* of happiness—But, when the day approaches, of which the *cabinet* must always have a *year's* notice, unless monarchs are all on the *surprizing* strain of *Frederick III.* you see our academists have been abroad *slyly* for six months, and have made contracts to the best advantage, before the *farmers* and *peasants* could raise the markets on them.

Previous

Previous to a *French* war, or an *Austrian*, we hear in every News-paper how commissaries were seen at *Liege*, at *Cologne*, and *Frankfort*, erecting magazines *privately*, even though not the least item has been *publicly* given, even to a *cabinet*—*Farmers* are the same in all countries—and will ever hold in league against the pressing necessities of *government*, if not surprized into a *sale*, or forced into an obedience, by laws like our own.—It is now too late to *recede* from their contract—the magazines are faithfully erected in *quality* and *quantity*—and, if never *wanted*, which is often again the case, being bought at so *low* and *moderate* a price, there is no fear but the money will be fetched up again—nay, often, with a *profit*.

If I erect, for instance, my lord, a magazine of 10,000 load of hay near you (I will not plague you with *rations*, and all that *jargon*, which every serjeant is now expert in, since his travels into *Germany*) and purchase the same at a very *easy* rate—Does not your lordship know (and all the world too) that *old* hay is *old* gold? and that, if well *stacked* and *preserved*, the time will come that your *draft* on each hay-stack is equally good as on *Child and Co.*? By clearing up some cabinet and political doubts, subsisting when first I undertook to erect this same magazine, it is at length found that a war is *not* likely to break out, and that all will be made up—Well, I have orders to sell my 10,000 load, and perhaps *gain*, and perhaps *lose*—But depend on it not so much as would be lost by an *hasty* erection of such magazine by *strangers*, who are always *imposed* on in every country of the known world.

My fifty commissaries, I will suppose, in time of *peace*, have 100 *l.* a year each—allowing half the number to be alternately *travelling* on *double* salaries (and foreigners will move *en prince* with such an a-

lowance) what is this vast expence?—their *Chambers*, *public library*, and other *incidental* charges and *contingent* bills would not exceed 10,000 *l.* per annum—and the first campaign of our taking the field, in any *continental* war, I will engage a ten years income is sunk by the *blunders* and *ignorance* of our commissaries, before they will know how they are to proceed on their second magazine.

Making the *commissariate* an appointment of respect as well as profit, would rather invite gentlemen of the *best* families, abroad, to reside among us—They might have the advantage of a *green* uniform, and wear some little *medal* or *star* dependant, like the military order of *St. Louis*.

Foreigners are more attached to the *outward* and *visible* sign of respect than we of this island—and however we slight the little glittering stars of *German* princes, they *prize* them, and will even dine, when money runs short, on the bare recollection that they are *knights* of some order, though ever so inferior.

Was this my scheme promulgated, of which there is no *chance*, while your lordship means but to read my *reveries* in the long-room at —, I foresee what a *clamour* would arise—I offer it only as my *private* sentiments. But when an aversion is once on foot in this *free* country, 'tis but too difficult to *efface* it, even though it may be *proved* an ill-founded one.

To *elucidate* this the better, I have often proved to your lordship in conversation (and could do it again on *paper*) that *barracks* would be the most salutary means of preserving the soldiery, of any method ever known. By this means *discipline* would always be kept up—In case of a sudden *riot*, the troops are ever *close* together—Having so many spies and tell-tales one of another, none of them would *rob* or *pilfer*, as when in such scattered heaps
of

of idleness—and add to this, that *messing* together, and daily hearing *veterans* recount what they have seen on the banks of the *Rhine*, the *Schelde*, and the *Maine*, all danger would become familiar, and war would lose much of its *terrific* and *bugbear* image.

I fear what I shall advance on *this* head, or that of the *commissariate*, will have but little sway with the *generality*. 'Tis sufficient that I *gratify* and *satisfy* your lordship—But the *latter* I fear would have the worst *success* of the two, as I borrow it from the *French*—whose ridiculous customs and ceremonies we never fail to *copy*, while we neglect following their *example* in matters where certainly they are very *exemplary*.

To *come* to the point, and even *finish* it, my lord. You see that when first this young and newly inlisted *commissariate* gets abroad, either to *Emden*, to *Bremen*, or *Hamburg*, that the next step they take (after engaging a *mistress* of the country) is getting a *grammar*; and endeavouring to learn a few occasional words of the *German* language by heart—To do this the *better*, they stay much at home—entertain at the expence of their commandant *seemingly*, but in fact to the cost of the *nation*.—And after having engaged *interpreters*, and *couriers*, and *clerks*, called also, for dignity, *deputy* commissaries, six months are past—as many regiments are landed—and not a tolerable magazine is ready, agreeable to the inn-keeper's dialect, either for *man* or *horse*.—Here's a *commissariate* for you!

I believe it is well known, that two years before the *French* took the field, their *academy* of *forage-masters* were moving up and down the *Rhine*—and which gave the *first* suspicions of a war likely to break out somewhere—Whether it happened on the very *imagined* spot or not, I can't say; but 'tis well known, that when their large army encamped on the *Lippe*, the bishopric of *Liege* so supplied them

them *behind*, that they had as good *white* bread in their camp as was in *London*,—while, within half a little mile, even officers of rank in our army were eating *rye* cakes; and glad to get them too.

Well, my lord, except in the matter of our private conversation, and correspondence, let us give up all chance of an established *commissariate* or *bar-racks*—at the same time that we, *privately*, know of what infinite utility they would be to us. We need go no further, my lord, than recollecting the general opposition to *broad-wheels*, and particular obstinacy against the *new-stile*, to make ourselves happy in what we have communicated to each other on this head for the public good.

And, now, for a little trip towards the *Rhine*, where the *elector* of *Cologne* departed this life from an excess of *luxury*, while his subjects often died, and much about the same time, from excess of *famine*. I cannot forget one anecdote on the *comical* side of his character, but a few days before he departed, and which will at once shew the *real* man, without the least deviation from what I first represented him.

Passing through a town, in the bishopric of *Munster*, he found whispers had often been spread, that he was a man of *no* religion:—to convince them, not of the *mistake*, for that he was *indifferent* about, but that subjects should not let their tongues wag so *wantonly* against majesty, he ordered them to rebuild a *decayed* church there, and taxed the *hundred*, or *parish*, at least, to defray the *expence*,—adding, that they would remember what a devout man he was, *now*, however his enemies had thought or said to the *contrary*.

And here, since I am so *near* the spot, I am in duty bound to clear the duke of *Marlborough's* character in an affair where his *humanity* and *benevolence*

lence seemed wanting; and perhaps the *only* time he was arraigned in a charge of this kind.

When he *marched* with the first English army towards *Goesfeld*, and the *Lippe*, the troops under his command were encamped on a large common or heath, near a palace of the *elector's*, called the castle of *Aabus*, a very spacious and magnificent building. The duke's head quarters were there, as were those of other *general officers*.

A short, unexpected, and violent rain fell:—this was in or about the beginning of *September*:—scarce a tent could keep its inhabitant *dry*; and it was much wondered at, when the *outhouses* of the castle would have *covered* the troops, that his grace's *humane* disposition suffered them to endure a fifty hours, almost, *catast* of water, without changing their situation—the reason died with him—the *enemy*, perhaps, were near at hand; and he might imagine it *unsafe* to have troops in the irregular method, which cellars, vaults, barns, stables, and outhouses in general must have occasioned.

But much sickness ensued,—and several *aged* officers never recovered the *elementary* attack on that encampment. Every body thought it would *clear up*, but in that country, the rains are very *sudden*, and equally *violent*, as *unsuspected*.

And now, my dear lord, as I *wheel* you about with so much ease, and so little expence, let me once more, carry you to the banks of the *Ems*, where two *sloops* of war were sent to intercept some *remount* horses for the French cavalry, coming from *Holstein*, and to be landed at *Delf-Zyll*, the *port* and *citadel* before mentioned in the beginning of this letter.—

This same body of cavalry, as the *fact* appeared afterwards, consisted but of 150, and had been landed many days before the *commodore*, commanding a sloop of 8 guns, at sixty years of age, approached
the

the mouth of the *Ems*. The governor of *Delft-Zyll* told him this; but no orders arriving for his recall, I think for four months, we were at the expence of these *two* sloops, in *that* part of the world, which might have been of service *elsewhere*.

But the commodore wishing to shew the *superior* power he *was*, or was *not*, invested with, stopped all the *navigation* of the river; as the *Dutch*, whose territory on one side is washed by the *Ems*, declared in the remonstrance at the *Hague*, and which was certified in many public papers. Every little *fishing* boat was intercepted, though scarce big enough to hold an *horse's* head, and was, at the expence of a four *pounder*, brought too,—often *delayed* in their passage,—and much oftener prevented getting to the markets of *Groeningen* with fish and other *Vivres* so necessary to be there at a *punctual* and *fixed* hour.

One boat, I think, was chased into the very harbour of *Delft-Zyll*.—The governor, still the fine gentleman, and *neutral* by inclination, equally as his *master's* orders, sent a guard to fetch the English boat's crew ashore, and having brought the *midshipman* on the rampart, shewed him the very tremendous battery which was pointed for the *protection* of the said harbour. The young officer, no doubt, was surprized at his lenity; that he did not exercise the governor, and sink their *open* boat; but, he answered,—“ I have reason to know the
“ *talents* of your commanding officer, by several
“ strange, wild, unconnected letters I have of his
“ now in my possession; and, therefore, I *pity* you;
“ for you must *obey orders*.”

The crew were dismissed, and the young gentleman, with his slender command, was glad to find a better friend in the *Dutch* governor, than, perhaps, in our *own* service; and so relating *all* that had past on board, it was from that day, a current
joke

joke when the question was asked, "Have you
"seen any *horses* to day?" No, replied Jack,—nor
an *ox*, nor an *ass*.

This hostility was resented at the *Hague*, after
being very properly represented *there*,—but the
commodore was not then removed—nor, indeed,
for some months afterwards,—when he got the
name, style, and title of a bad *brewer* of small beer,—
and understood *slicing* beef so accurately, that the
master of *Vaux-Hall* would do well to secure him in
his interest for the ensuing season.

The garrison at *Emden* still remained,—for what
use, is, as the French call it, *un mystere de la cour*,—
for four companies of invalids, the *moiety* generally
in the hospital, were not sufficient to *defend* it—
and if to *retire* only on their *approach*, wherefore
were they to stay? when the same quantity would
have been of service in the *Northern* garrisons;
such as *Newcastle, Berwick, &c.* and would well
have supplied the place of a young regiment,
which might have been sent on duty.

However! this *permission-garrison* went on in the
old method of thinking themselves in some *con-
quered* province,—and having endeavoured to take
an house and garden from an English gentleman,
of which he had a *lease*, the said gentleman appealed
to the court of *Berlin*; and his *antagonists* were all
cast in the suit; and the scarlet gentlemen were
taught to *remember* the *code* of Frederic, though they
never could be able to *read* it.

The affair was very *public*; for the magistrates
begged the matter might be compromised, if possible,
as they should be sorry to pass such a sentence as
their duty obliged them to.—So, to compliment
the *military*, a *slovenly* kind of evasion was made,
which occasioned the *appeal* to the regency; who,
for the fourth time, shewed these *lawless* gentlemen,
that they who entered with a *by your leave*, and not

with the *warving* banners of conquest, should, at least, not overthrow the laws of that country; and, by the *law of arms*, put what construction they pleased upon a volume of *equity*, authorized by the king's *name*, ratified by his *pen*, and sanctified by *majesty itself*.

By such behaviour as this, a nation's credit often suffers for the illiterate obstinacy of individuals,—and putting a centinel at the gate (with all the pomp of *dominion*) was a poor evasion to the *letter of the law*, when the sentence (now registred in the chancery of *Auric*) proved the right to be in him, who had a lease *signed*; and had advanced the rent a year *beforehand*, lest the English should move from *that* place—a precaution the landlord took very *justly*; as all houses there are from *year to year*,—and, unless you signify to the *contrary*, the landlord supposes on the very day, that you mean to quit the premises.

One should imagine that a shame *redder* than the colour of their own coats, would have spread over their faces at such a disappointment,—but the captain who kept the possession, in spite of *Frederic III.* and his *code*, having originally been master of a *collier*, it was difficult to make him sensible of any thing, while the profits of a company, with the *perquisites*, as I before observed arising from the men's *short* pay, kept him a table for *parasites* to flatter him at.—To conclude this stupid detail, my lord, the garrison of *Emden* are immortally registred in the chamber of *Auric*, for being the first who dared oppose the code of *Frederic III.*

From less trifles than these, when kings are asunder, (and have a mind to continue so) great *stres*s appears in remonstrances to cabinets,—and should his majesty of *Prussia* ever grow indifferent to us, who knows but *years* hence, some old story of this sort may be *ript* up to the disadvantage of a nation in *general*?

“ That

“ That during the years 58, 59, 60, an English
 “ garrison entered a city of *East-Friesland*, by
 “ permission, and not conquest,—and having
 “ twice endeavoured to overthrow the *stable*
 “ and *immutable* laws of the king of *Prussia*,
 “ by first endeavouring to prove a prize taken
 “ by that monarch’s own ship, was not a good
 “ one,—and, secondly, by forcing the pos-
 “ session of an house and garden, where a
 “ lease was *signed* according to the laws of
 “ the country,—were twice convinced, that
 “ the *king of Prussia*, and his laws, like those
 “ of the *Medes and Persians*, would not alter
 “ to gratify *strangers*.”

The *Frederic’s code* is now translated and published—and the world will judge, I mean those who cannot *read* it in the original, how fair and exact all the laws are which relate to *property*.—Four hundred honest invalids were a witness of *this* fact,—and should this private letter, or rather recapitulation of so many, sent at *different* times, ever appear in public, any of the readers may examine such witnesses,—many of them being in the environs of *London*,—though more in their native towns in the north,—viz. *Berwick, Newcastle, &c.*—and *truth*, my lord, is so strong, that it were to be wished, some person would be curious enough to *interrogate* them accordingly.—In their own country they are not afraid to speak the truth.

Before I quit *Emden*, and the *Em’s*, I am to inform you, that after many of the capital merchants in *London* had put themselves to the expence of fitting out *private* ships of war to cruize against, and humble the *Swedes*, all the commissions, by a certain *mystere de la cour*, were *recalled*; allowing them only to keep the few prizes, by way of *reimbursement* for their expences.

It is said, indeed, the merchants of *Stettin* and other parts in the *Baltic* gave a large sum to —, that all such commissions might be *recalled*—money, as it was then *needful*, was o' course welcome; and there certainly must have been some such way made use of to *stop* a proceeding which the king was so fond of (as I before observed to you) that he even wrote a treatise to *support* and *defend* the operation.

Now to change the scene—though marshal *Broglio*, at his first obtaining *such* rank, gave umbrage so to many *senior* officers, that *many* of them begged to *retire*; yet *some* of them, convinced of his *superior* abilities in *war*, equally as the *cabinet*, came back again; repenting of their *rash* resignations. He is a man of extreme vivacity; being of a *small*, though genteel person. And 'tis particular, that prince *Ferdinand* and himself, change but apparel, might almost be *mistaken* for one another.

Should the French ever secure the rivers *Ems* and *Wefer*, they would do more than by fifty battles—whoever is master of *Bremen* can easily command the grand passes to *Stade*; and then the third and last *embouchure* to the sea is stopped: and 'tis to be feared, that the French politics will execute some such important *coup de maître* before we shall be able to drive them onward to, or over, the *Rhine*.

The city of *Gottingen* suffered so extremely, that an university built and founded by George II. was entirely dismantled of all its *students*, which, in time of peace, have often exceeded *fifteen hundred* in number—many of them *noble*—His late majesty, to raise the *credit* of that college, invited, at an infinite expence, the most learned and ingenious *professors* in *Europe*—A tract of geography, in six volumes, is now translated and published, the which was compiled by a *professor* there—The library is great and well stored—and while prince *Xavierus* of

of Saxony commanded there, so *religiously* observant was he of every thing relative to *literature*, that he kept a regular guard at the gate of the college; the better to *prevent* any *mutilations* of M.S. or taking away books from the *library*.

Whether the succeeding *commandants* have been such *Mecenas's*, I can't pretend to say—His *highness* would often attend *lectures*, and visit the *professors* at their apartments—lamenting the horrors of war, which even could not spare the seats of *learning*. On this *prince's* departure, much uneasiness appeared; and during his stay, near 400 students remained at their studies; though afterwards ordered away, as the *scarcity* of provisions made every single person a difference in the affair of a *menage*.

Though the *French* were not in possession of the city of *Hanover*, yet their incursions, by being occupiers of *Göttingen*, went often a great way up the country; and the contributions were almost equally *heavy*—These last are often raised at a *distance*, when no troops appear; as many countries formerly submitted to the *Romans* only on their approach, and by the terror of their *names* only—for a refusal would be ridiculous, as armies generally raise their *price*, on taking a *needleless* march.

And now, my lord, for a page or two of *animadversion*. On the *first* irruption of the *French* into *Hanover*, suppose we had given them their hearts desire; and not denied them the request of their lips. To stay in a country with a conquering army is wholly inconsistent—No troops would remain for bare subsistence only—Well then, could they destroy the *earth* itself, though they did the *produce*? They might cut down the *woods*, make *pallisadoes*, *cheveaux du frieze*, or *fuel* for the camp with it—True; but, after some *months*, a question would naturally arise—"Why should we stay here longer?" —We

“ — We are just sitting forward, and our men perish, near our own position, almost as much as in an active campaign—Let us then quit it—Let us drain the country of all its ready cash—drive off the cattle—repair our millary and waggons—and then pull off our hats to this northern part of the world, for to garbison it would be endless.

But, we should otherwise! and by sending troops there, to keep them out (and which by the way we never could for any length of time) we have kept ourselves in. Such overwhelming numbers will ever out-wit, if they cannot over-power, us—The point of war is often carried more by a stratagem, than by twenty battles; even to a degree of victory—And, to explain how this is, or rather what I mean, let me be more explicit—

If the French have an hundred twenty thousand men (and that even their enemies will allow them) and we have only seventy thousand at most—the way is that they will leave an army of ninety thousand to watch the grand one of the allies, consisting of said seventy thousand. This army of observation, having a superiority by twenty thousand, is tolerably safe and secure—Suppose this then the case; the rest of the army, consisting of thirty thousand, may, in three several wings, disturb, harraß, and perplex the neighbouring provinces unburt and unmolested—for in Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, or any other county, you will please to imagine, if I have a flying army, as it is called, of ten thousand men (even subdivided into five or six several parts) I can deal out as much destruction there, having no one to oppose me, as though I was at the head of a grand army.

Thus your lordship sees the advantage of numbers—The army of seventy thousand men can't well stir, while a superior army (of twenty thousand) watch and observe their daily and nightly motions

tions—the remaining peace shall, and as free liberty and have their hands untied, to do what seemeth best in their own eyes; which the general (and never to be understood *letus*) of arms will ever sanctify.

And now to resume a part of our discourse, he early spoke of in the beginning of this hour; should any *German* prince, taken into our service, either with or without troops, sit fast for his *property*, and have our cause at heart equally with ourselves, where are we? For the sake of increasing his vast revenue by *pension*, *gratuity*, *forage*, *contracts*, *safe*, *guards*, &c. &c. (*in secula seculorum*) he will look on every campaign as a *fresh annuity*; and be sorry, no doubt, from *interest*, which is the *Yare* to which all our *bowls* are directed, when such a superior power as our parliament controul his designs by hastening *peace*.

And here, my lord, give me leave to observe, though a little distinct from what I was talking of, that much of the king of *Prussia's* success was owing to his carrying his cabinet *with* him, or rather, in *himself*.—He was accountable to no one but G—d, for a whimsical experiment of *Prussian* skulls against Russian artillery—if he succeeds, the *honour* is his—if he *fails*, why he will save himself one way or other very harmless and indemnified, by privately engaging some favourite to bear the *blame*. Perhaps, his royal highness the d—e of C——d would have shewed the *hero* better had he been despotic, and not obliged to listen on the *one* side, to orders or advice, which is near the same in *superiors* from H——r; and, on the other side, to those of cabinets at home, founded often on the present temper and situation of a p——t.—Be it as it may, notwithstanding an *unlimited* power lodged in the hands of a commander in chief, (now at the head of our *army* and *affairs*) it is to be observed, that few *battles* have occurred—I might add *happened*; for as I said early
in

in this letter, it is from accident alone, almost, that battles now-a-days are fought at all.—An interception of convoy and provisions will always make a *skirmish*, and that, sometimes by the wheel of fate and fortune, will *wheel* the rest of the army round, so as to begin an engagement.

Whoever has read the late marshal *duke de Belleisle's* letters, will easily see, while he was at the head of that cabinet department of war, how differently the French army were *cloathed* and *fed*, to what they used to be when in the warmer climate of *Mayence* and the *Rhine*—a northern expedition required as much—and it is very particular, how *soon* an army, who generally had the reputation of *effeminate*, were taught to be *brave*, *hardy*, and *persevering* by the examples of their enemy, and a careful attendance on their *apparel* and *necessaries*.—Whatever one body of troops *wore*, or indulged themselves with at their *meals*, the other *copied*.—*Flannel* waistcoats and *Fur* caps were for the first time, part of a Frenchman's *habit*; and officers, who used to be *frizzed* and *powdered* in former camps, as if going to an *assembly*, were now content to do it, or have it done, *once* in the *eight days*—and yet, so exact are they in this article now, compared to us, that *marshal Broglie*, in an hour of pleasantry, said, “That he despaired ever taking an *English* officer *prisoner*, with his *hair drest*.”

The affair of *Wesel* was not only unlucky in its circumstances, but appeared in its first dress, a very disagreeable attempt.—*Buckeburg's* miners and artilleryists having been there some days *before*, and drawn lines of circumvallation, round the place, gave even the enemy room to imagine, that the design was at hand of surprising *Wesel*—but, whoever considers, how easily that place could be supplied from *Cologne*, and the *Austrian Netherlands*, would think it a rash attack with such an handful of men,
even

even though *English*.—Poor lord *Downe* fell here, after having animated his troops with the address of the oldest Roman consul—*Feel yourselves Englishmen, says he*—and general *Griffin* talking French, which was forbid, and which circumstance he had unluckily forgot, was near *sabred* by an Highlander, who took him for a Frenchman—for all was in the dark of the morning.—An accident *saved* us, at least what remained of us, when otherwise we might all have been lost—namely, the dyke and bank of a canal or cutt, ever since the time of the emperor *Drusus*.—This remaining *entire*, our men made use of it as an *intrenchment*; and saved themselves from the cannon of the French, which were so pointed as to have flanked us in passing the river.

It is said the late king much disapproved of this *project*, when proposed months before it was put in *execution*—and the *hereditary* prince was so ashamed of his mistake, that the *parole* was given out *blameable* next day—a circumstance which sometimes *softens* the distresses of poor soldiers, when the commander will *own* himself wrong—and, I think, the great cardinal *Rochfaulcault* says, “No man should be ashamed to do this, as he proves himself *wiser* that very minute than he was the very minute *before*.”

Part of this happenning near a *convent*, the very avenues of the *chappelle*, *refectoire*, and all the *but-houses*, were a scene of blood.—A captain of the Welch *Fuzileers* being in a cottage to be dressed of an *early* wound, was shot in that situation, and the surgeon very narrowly escaped the *same* fate—the walls of the house being only *plaister*, the affair was easily accounted for—though it was represented otherwise—namely, that a body of French making a *thorough-fare* of the place, to get at some troops *be-hind*, on passing along, killed him in cool blood—this story (for *ill* news and *lies* generally travel together)

ther) reaching his afflicted lady, at *Bremen*, occasioned a loss of her *senses*——and, I believe, her life.

The hereditary prince, now, returned; and joined his uncle prince Ferdinand——and all our *comfort*, after a *fatiguing* winter's march, was an expression (from the *heart*, no doubt, the rather because a commanding officer, and a prince of his rank)——namely, that he would be *even* with monsieur de *Castrai* soon.

It was much about this time, that a gentleman once famous in the gay world of *London* and its *environs*, worked at *Bremen* and *Emden*, in making snuff-boxes, and other such *toys*——He amused the world much with such his productions——but those who saw deeper imagined his *mission* was rather from *policy*, than *necessity*——This person was the famous *count de St. Germain*.——Some *airs* and *ballads* of his are still known in the *musical* world——and he had the reputation here of the best bred *spy*, if that was his department, that ever appeared in *Great-Britain*——the regency of *Auric*, I believe, gave him leave to withdraw.

At the same time, the famous partizan *Cumberland*, making excursions to the very gates of *Auric*, capital of East-Freiland, the regency thought proper to remove to the *sea-port* of *Emden*, two *state* prisoners, charged with having accepted *titular* offices, which though in *futuro* then, were to be effective good incomes from the house of *Austria*——There was a third, who died in his confinement at *Auric*——the names of the remaining two, were the *baron d' Appelle*——and the *sieur Hitzer*; a *commissaire de la guerre*, as they are stiled in *that* part of the world.

They were both in *years*——but the *baron*, who by the bye, was the *senior* or *premier* nobleman of that country, had some privileges *denied* to the other —— a little *anecdote* will explain to you what I have often

ten observed to your lordship, namely, that the king of *Prussia* can be *satirical*.

During the last years of the late prince of *East-Friesland*, the city of *Emden* rebelled against their sovereign.—His princely seemed most in fault—the being represented of a most *vindictive* and *peremptory* turn of mind—however, the city of *Emden* refused this prince admittance; and hired two Dutch regiments to defend them; *Holland*, as I said before, lying on the opposite side the river.

Auric, the reigning or sovereign prince's seat of residence and royalty, was often in danger from the incursions of the *Boors* and *peasants*, aided by this *regular* force—several pitched battles or skirmishes were fought—and this baron *d'Appelle*, being the *Cromwell* of those days, the war was ludicrously called the *Apple* war.—In the memoirs of the house of *Brandenburgh* (wrote by the king himself, and publicly avowed to be his work) there is a campaign, I think, christened by the name of the *nut* campaign—the soldiers having been *inactive* all that year, and spent their time in *nutting*.

Now to the point; when the king of *Prussia* made his first visit to *East-Friesland*, he dined at his castle at *Auric*, in public, with his favourite presidents, barons *Lintz* and *Dirshaw*; and, at the table, said this very baron *d'Appelle*. The king, pretending much ignorance of the country and its constitution, said, “But, pray inform me, who am an utter stranger, “why the war carried on against the late prince “was called the *Apple-war*?”—Oh! replies somebody, it took its name from one baron *Apple's* being at the head of it—the king made answer—why *apples* should properly be on *trees*—pray, was my predecessor so poor a prince that he had no *rope-makers* in his country?

It was a preface, or seemed such, of what would follow afterwards, that baron *d'Appelle* was confined

prisoner at *Auric*, for some mal-practices—and when the French approached *Emden*, his lordship and the sieur *Hitzer* were removed to *Stade* and from thence to *Magdeburgh*.

Baron *Apple*, on account of his great age, perhaps, and perhaps to prevent any uneasiness in the *East-Frielanders*, where his family resided, and were much respected, was set at liberty—But the sieur *Hitzer* being sent to the castle of *Magdeburgh* (a regular *bastile*) and having the alternative of the *cachot*, or dungeon—the *brouette*—or wheel-barrow to toil at the fortifications—or the *potence*—in other words the gallows, he chose the *second*—and having found means to get a letter to the king of *Prussia*, by means of a faithful servant, he soon after had council allotted him; and, in a few months was proved *innocent*, to the great joy of his friends in *East-Friesland*.

And this leads me to observe one thing to your lordship, which I was so well confirmed in at *Berlin*, that I have no doubt of it—namely, that the king of *Prussia*, who prizes himself on knowing the very *precordia* of all his court in particular, and mankind in general, is oftener deceived therein, and disappointed, than any man living—At first sight, by a strange kind of pretended *pressentiment*, he *bates*, or *admires*—his affections are *eager*, his resentments *vehement*.—The great *Voltaire* found both of these in an eminent degree—and no man living knows him better.

The name of the king of *Prussia* brings me for a moment to *Berlin*—I mentioned early in my letter, that the world are much deceived, as to the real reasons of his separation from the *bed* of his queen—and many have unkindly attributed it to a general *aversion* against the sex—So far from it, that no man carried his attachment *higher*, than his majesty, in the affair of a celebrated *dancer* • here, who afterwards appeared at *Berlin* in the same character—

and,

Barbarini.

and, when she was so ungrateful to quit the king for the sake of *Coccei*, his great chancellor's son, and was even found in *bed* with him, the king seemed to rest more on having trusted his *secrets* with her, than his *person*—aye, *there's the rub*, says *Hamlet*—and, having properly *chidden* the young gentleman for his ingratitude, who, together with his father, had such obligations to him, he said, “I know of no punishment so proper for you both as joining you together in wedlock—therefore, prepare, as the most *ungrateful* man living, to marry the greatest of all *traitresses*,” and so ordered them to be *married* immediately.

When I conducted, last, your lordship to *Emden*, I might have mentioned that the English commandant made such an handle of his uneasy situation, on account of the *magistrates*, that prince *Ferdinand*, to get at the *truth* of things, sent general *Fingenstein* (brother to him of the regency of *Berlin*) with a squadron of *Hanoverian* dragoons to quell a *riot*, which was all in imagination—as the magistrates never went near his excellency, this *feeble-minded* man, thought they were plotting against him, and his *Sancho-pancho* government—so that, when the said *Prussian* general did arrive, there was no business to be done—or rather the general *tacitly* approved the behaviour of the magistrates, however *openly* he pretended to do otherwise.

But to remedy these *jarrs* for the future, 300*l.* a year sterling was allowed the English governor to keep up a *kind* of hospitality among them.—The camp-gazette, as mentioned in the beginning of this letter, proves how little this appointment was *honoured*—and it was a *bye* word of a centinel, when he was pitched upon to do duty at the commandant's house, that he was to be *posted* at the *treasury*.

However 300*l.* per annum *separately* may be *slighted*, where *millions* are so freely granted, and even *squandered*, I cannot say—but in the *aggregate* these

these fums help to impoverish us—and, as I said before, many a poor soldier at *Minden* slept in his own blood, for want of a greater number of *surgeons*, and their *mates*, while a person who had the ample pay of *colonel*, and an additional 300 *l.* per annum for a *table*, during the whole war, scarce lived equal to a *lieutenant*.—When a nation's accounts are settled, it would be but justice to the public, for a kind of *master*, as in chancery, to tax the costs, and return to the public what was not fairly proved for their honour or service.

Notwithstanding the various reports of daily papers, the *daily food* of thousands, in this voracious and all-devouring metropolis, that the French were compleat *bankrupts*, yet the *fillip* which the affair near *Wesel* gave to that court, opened fresh *fluices* to supply their *treasury* with money—no lack appeared in their army—all the troops were *new clothed*—all the cavalry well *appointed*—and their artillery was put on the *best* footing—The officers, if that is a proof of riches, *betted* and *gamed* high—and all those who were above the rank of *subalterns*, wheeled away to *Paris*, in order to partake of the winter amusements of that place.

Epigrams, and *sarcafms* of every species, spurted out against madame the marchioness of *Pompadour*. But some how or other, her discreet behaviour waded through all malice; and the scepter, or staff at least, was still in her hands.

An English aid de camp (for wit will fly in camps) got the name of a *grand bruit* among the French—and our officers *mistresses*, contrary to the custom of their country, where they are prouder of *that* title (on one side equally as the other) than of *wife*, were at last distinguished by the *femme*, and the *veritable femme*—In short, the very list of *epigrams*, *sonnets*, *madrigals*, &c. &c. would swell my letter to a most enormous size, much more would the

the *real* copies—But, in general, they had the *advantage* of us in these trifles; however, we could boast a superiority at other *weapons*.—The joke was truly against us, while the French could buy a *fowl* and a *bottle* of good wine for less than we paid for the bare *sauce* to the one, or a glass to drink the other out of.

And sure, my lord, it cannot be beneath the dignity of this, I fear, *underling* history to mention a little *anecdote*, before I leave the castle of *Aabus*, which can be verified, in regard to that faithful animal, a *dog*, then belonging to the *elector*; and now to the said venerable col. who resides at, or near, *St. Alban's*.

The colonel being obliged to pass from the *camp* (about a mile) to the *head-quarters* for some *orders*; a *Polish* hound followed him on his *return*; and by no menaces of the colonel's could be persuaded to *leave* him, and *return* to the palace.

As there was a remarkable *scarcity* of provisions at camp, and as the weather was so insupportably *bad*, the temptation to the dog for *staying* could be nothing but an affection for his, now, *new* master.—No *threats* could drive him away, no *allurements* coax him—and, though often sent back, by a servant, to the *castle*, still he would *return* to camp—Accordingly the colonel, *now*, looked on him as his *own* property ever after; and should the *faithful* animal, who *followed* him to England, not be living, the colonel will remember the circumstance.

In removing the *treasure-waggon* from the camp to *Deventer*, where the paymaster was ordered to *fix* himself and his *credit*, a true sign that then we thought of keeping the seat of war on the *Lower Rhine*, without even a surmise that ever the *north* would again become the *place of action*.—I say, on removing the remains of the treasure into *Holland*,
from

from the bishopric of *Munster*, the waggon broke down, not far from a gentleman's house—a neighbouring town having then a *fair*, the boors *passing* and *repassing* the heath, were very numerous, and, as their *morning potations*, according to the custom of the country, were now *began*, drunkenness and riot were o' course the next consequence.

The *escorte* consisted but of a *corporal* and *six* dragoons, and the boors soon began to examine the contents of the *waggon*.—The commanding officer, though an *inferior*, had adroitness enough to say, that the waggon was loaded with *cast* arms, swords *unfit* for use, &c. &c. &c. &c. and, for a while, though a short one, this *amused* them—But, at *last*, they grew so inquisitive, and troublesome, that *force* was almost used, and *centries* placed to guard the broken carriage, till *aid* could be got from a neighbouring *village*: the which, as being an *holid*-*day*-season, was difficult to obtain.

At length, by application to the owner of the pretty house, *near* where the disaster happened, leave was given to draw the waggon *within* his gates, till such time as a *proper* reparation could be made. Even this, in *Holland*, seemed a very *unexpected* favour; and more especially at a time their provinces in general were irritated, and grumbling on the affair of their *ships* and *captures*.

The *wheelwright* and *carpenter*, not doing the work by the time appointed, according to the *usage* of those people at any time, but much more when 'tis a *kermis* or *fair*, the owner of this house generously entertained the *escorte* and *drivers*, till all was ready to depart, and then *sent* two servants on *horseback*, to conduct and guide them over a large *Moor*: lest they should be *benighted*—Would your lordship, now *believe* what I am farther going to inform you of?

A gentleman out of his *own* pocket, who happened to travel under the protection of this *escorte*, rewarded the servants according to the custom of our country, and where the same is not, always, so well *merited* as in this circumstance.—But the person who ought first to have rejoiced that the treasure had not been *plundered*; and next, that such *respect* had been paid to the master who had *deputed* him, refused, on the treasure's arriving safe at *Deventer*, that night, *reimbursing* the gentleman what he had so *properly* bestowed on them; even though it amounted not to an English *guinea*.—*Habits* are very difficult to *efface*, my lord, and the *shop-keeper* never appeared stronger than in *this* instance.

At *Emden*, the great magazine of hay (saved from the *French* when they took possession of *Meppeh*, and which, had it fallen into the hands of the enemy, would scarce have been worth their acceptance, while it cost us some thousands) continued to *rot* and *decay* to the no small joy of commissaries called from *Upper* and *Lower* Saxony.

The magistrates, there, still continued not to dine at the *public* table, because they could not learn, with all their *dexterity*, on what days it was *kept*! and for fear of intruding on an *improper* one, thought it better not to go at all—They were stiled, by way of *derision*, a set of *wapping attornies*—and the person who called them so (being near seventy) was in his turn intitled —, as his maid happened to *lie-in* much about that time; and his whole equipage, like master *Slender's*, was a man and a little boy, with the pay of a regiment, and a certain *three hundred Pound* per annum for a table; which, by not being *kept up*, was imagined to be *prudently* laid aside, lest the promise of such an allowance should not be *confirmed*—But it appears, that said money was punctually *paid*, every *half-year*; when necessary bills for *public* service were,

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often, laid aside for want of *cash*, and through the *necessities* of the times.

It was particular (by some *mal-information*, no doubt) that two *brothers*, by name L—r, whose father is commissary-general to the *elector* of *Co-logne*, but who had been employed by his *late m—y* in purchasing the county of *Bentheim* (and perhaps this the reason) were arrested at *Frankfort*, passing to the *fair*, then held at *that* place; and *detained* some time—I think *one* of the brothers is a canon of *St. Fulda*—and both were bred at the royal and electoral college of *Göttingen*.—'Twas, as the French call all that kind of *cabinet-work*, *une mystère de la cour*,—for most impartial persons thought them in the *French* interest—and at the battle of *Minden*, they were with marshal *Contades*.

I will *once* again pass to England, and, having planted myself at a certain coffee-house in *Change-Alley*, repeat the discourse of a wealthy and *Hebrew* Jew there, whose nod of a *perriwig* ever stands for a *million*.

A *blame* was laid on the *present* ministry, as a *former* one were *exculpated*, that more money had been raised now, and taxes were higher, than in all the times of dissipation, during sir R—t W—e, and H—y P—m.—True: but then we have had not only *blood* for our money (for that, barely, is a *poor* recompence) but have erected our standard on *forts* esteemed impregnable; and those *pavilions* still *float* and *flutter* in the wind.

A *timid* ministry is the bane of a *brave* nation—and that such we have had, and such only, till the late *steersman* took the *helm*, will, and does, appear by all *events*—When a French fleet lay at *Brest*, *Rocheport* and *Rochelle*, of near thirty ships, under *Galissoniere*, in the year 1751-2, why was it not asked by our ambassador, then resident at *Paris*, where was the destination? That they had notice
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of it, appears by some private letters still existing, from a gentleman, then an *academist* at *Caen*, in Normandy—but, happening perhaps to be a man of *abilities* only, and not bearing the plume of *title*, such intelligence was then *slighted*.

We should have saved ourselves the expence of taking some of the same ships, so far off as the banks of *Newfoundland*, had this precaution been taken, and *prevented* the altercation now subsisting, relative to the ships deemed by us as *legal* captures, though monsieur *Bussy* says *no!*—However, this I know, that if we reimburse them such damages, we subscribe ourselves in so many words *pirates*, or in other (rather their own) words, make ourselves guilty of *pirateries et Brigandages*—very derogatory to the honour and present *eclat* of a British nation.

Lord *Albemarle* was, by the sage ones, not esteemed equal in his abilities to the *Proteus*-like court of *Paris*.—No man had the address of an ambassador more, or better, than himself—But at such *critical* and *all-watching* courts, as those of *Paris*, *Spain*, *Berlin*, &c. &c. &c.—the eyes of *Argos* are scarce equal to the objects that shall present themselves *right* and *left* of such a cabinet.

His secretary, of a *French* extraction, whose name I forget, staid some months after his lordship's death—but, by the dissipated life which the ambassador had led, am told his papers were so *confused*, that even the genius of this gentleman, which nobody ever *doubted*, was scarce a match, for the difficulties attending so *intricate* and *entangled* an affair.—The war soon broke out—*Mirepoix*, well esteemed here in *private*, was obliged to submit to his public character, and return at an *hour's* warning—and without taking leave of any person *quatenus* their *public* station—But I think was genteel enough to his *particular* friends, to distribute what *wine* he had left in his *cellar*—and which was no in-

considerable quantity, *by a privilege* annexed to ambassadors, when they enter any kingdom in that public character.

I should lengthen my letter considerably, by a long detail of the *American* affairs, should I proceed further on this head.—Suffice it, that from the authority of the best *critics*, no doubt, we have answered monsieur *de Buffy* very amply on that head, when he says, that we began hostilities before a declaration of war.

We may, and are left to judge of all things by *comparison*—and, though *Grotius* is an author, who in his very *translation* escapes the eye even of multitudes; yet, what he says, with respect to *kings*, and *kingdoms*, may be brought to *common life*—that great author, I think (and I fear it was mentioned *before*) tells us, “That when two princes in perfect *alliance* with each other, and with the *outward* and *visible* sign of *Friendship* and *union*, will meditate a *secret blow*, the one against the other, in such case, the party who shall gain the *first* intelligence has an undoubted right, and this countenanced by the law of *nature* and *nations*, to prevent such *machination*, and *anticipate* such a coming blow.

Pray, my lord, if I *suspect*, or rather can *prove*, that any farmer of your estate, who shall pull off his *bat* in the morning to me, as if in perfect friendship, and, at the same time is privately casting of *pistol-bullets* to blow my *scanty* brains out, I certainly have a very undoubted *right* to see if he has *any*, by some machine of the same kind.

Here then explains itself the history of monsieur *Buffy*, in this short particular—and does his excellency think that we will give it under our *bands* and *seals* we are *pirates*, when we know we acted *right*? and subscribe to the title of *Pirateries* and *Brigandages*,

Brigandages, when it was only a medicine of *precaution*, which we administered to a *feeble* enemy.

We will now return to *Germany*, my lord, if you are so disposed, and five twenty-gun ships, with near an hundred transports attend our convoy, going to remount the *cavalry* abroad.—Observe, my lord, that this is no addition to our force there, but only to supply *vacancies*, occasioned by the common mortality of *Camps*, more than regular *fighting*.

If *one* battle in a campaign is fought (and even this on the *average* has not happened, for skirmishes are but a slight part of military *atchièvements*) our *morning-gown* politicians at home, spread on the *benches* of innumerable coffee-houses, think this a *receipt in full* for all we *suffer* and have *suffered* in our *tresorial* capacity—and it is at last left to the *cabinet*, where it first might perhaps have been determined, how to finish five *lingering* campaigns with *glory* and *satisfaction* to the populace—who, in the *end* are, and will be the *jury*, who give the verdict; for commanders in *chief*, and even those who command *them*, have a perpetual *jury* on their actions—and, when I read, or rather have read, when I had time to inspect *books*, that “*Interdum populus rectum putat, et est ubi peccat*,” I should ever be afraid, was I a *minister*, that the *first* part of the *adage* would rather be in *force*, and oftner than the *second*.

I mentioned to your Lordship, how dangerous it is to be too sure of a conquest, in the affair of *Minden*, and the *gallant sours* that were preparing there, that a victorious army might share the *joy* of that day the better.—We saw the same at *Dalmonborst*, when the French thought themselves so *secure* of entering *Bremen*, that they even invited the magistrates to a *repas* there; I now recollect a small proof of this on *our* side, in a gallant officer of the *fifty-first*, who is, I think, a nephew of the family
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at *Buckingham-house*; his *name*, no matter—even if I could remember it.

On the *French* retiring, he threw his *bat* up in the air—and with his right-hand *waiving* over his head for joy, he had the mortification to have his fingers *shot* off.—Had he waited, perhaps, *one* minute longer, it was likely this affair would *never* have happened—for hitherto, though in the most particular point of *danger*, in *several* battles, he had ever remained *unhurt*—the accident has spoiled him for an elegant *writer*, which he certainly was; but his *knowledge*, *integrity*, *eloquence*, and *humanity*, still remain entire.

And now, my lord, though it seems distant from what I *last* mentioned, yet, as I call this a *rhapsody*, and not an *history*, you will all at * * * * think that I *write* as I *speak*—namely, as Horace says, *nullius in verba*, &c.—what is your lordship's opinion of putting our militia on the footing of the *French* one? That is to say, making that *very respectable* body of *independants* and *valuable* men, a nursery for the little, *very little* standing army we shall have occasion for, when the *peace* is settled on that truly solid and permanent *basis*, which we have a greater prospect of *obtaining*, than ever, since monsieur *Buffy's* disjunction with our ministry—for I think any, even, *half-discerning* eye can perceive, that the hints of *France* relative to *Spain*, and the *united provinces*, are merely what our law calls, "*In terrorem*."—But to the point.

Would it not, my lord (I give up my scheme of the *commissariate*, though, *properly modelled*, I think, not a *bad* one) be a pleasing sight to see such an *union* between the *standing* army and the *militia*, that they should become not only *nominally*, but *really*, (as the *French* call it) *une famille*? No jealousies or heart-burnings would then arise, between the names of *regulars* and *irregulars*—because the for-

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mer is obliged to the *latter* for supplying them, when their *source* becomes, suddenly, dry — the consequence of some second edition of that their overthrow at *Minden*. An officer, with us, though of *inferior* extraction, because he happened to have an *idle* five hundred pound, piques himself on being in the service, on the most *regular* plan, imaginable — And should a gentleman of a *landed* estate, with an house of his ancestors upon it, and which has remained in the family some centuries, without being rendered ignoble (as Horace says) *vitio, cul-pave*, be in the militia, still the *latter* may not hand a lady, *in* or *out* of her coach, at a country assembly; while the *former* mentioned *hero* may be captain commandant (though only an *ensign*—for captain, says *Farquhar*, is a good *travelling* name) of the whole place—Half the penetration your lordship discovers in *other* affairs, will, in *this* respect, enlighten you sufficiently to clear up all difficulties,—and, I firmly believe, that no harmony could, or would, be equal to that of our army, was the *standing* one supplied by that branch of it called (too often) *irregulars*, though, in fact, the *regular* service they have done has, often, outweighed that of the *other* branch military.

Believe me, my lord, and often has it been our *mutual* discourse—the world is governed rather by *sounds* than *things*; and more than the majority of those beings called, often falsely, *mankind*, take things as they *seem*, and not as they *are*.—The name of a *commissariate*, ready *cut* and *dry*, for a German war, *in futuro*, would make an outcry in *London*, sufficient to employ every *garreterian* quill; and fill the window of every *pamphlet-shop* with *answers* and *remarks*.—But we *neither* of us see it in *that* light—and since, once in twenty or thirty years, at farthest, this *fever* of mankind will rage in spite of *guarded treaties*, and all those precautions,

tions, *Grotian* or *Puffendorpian*, which the ablest ministers can frame for the security of a *crown's* honour, or a people's happiness, why not prepare against the *wet* day?

The very *German* armies, if I am rightly informed, first grew to such an enormous size (I might say an *insupportable* one to the princes, if not subsidized by wealthy neighbours) by a *state* trick of *Louis the fourteenth's* ministry—they enticed the *minute* German prince to have a few *body* guards—this! from the *vanity* of young gentlemen, eager to embrace the *plumie* of a military life, was soon swelled into a regiment—one battalion begat a *second*, a *second* a *third*! till at last, they (the princes) were so overwhelmed with the *pomp* and *circumstance* of war (as *Shakespeare* calls it) that they were necessitated to *lend* them out to princes entering into war, rather than be at the public disgrace of laying down this their once *Hobby-horse* of Equipage.

Lord *Bolingbroke*, in one of his letters on *banishment* (no matter which—nor would I inform your lordship if I could, that you may turn to the book and give it a *second* reading) compares all kind of *state* and *equipage* to *ivy* on a *tree*—'tis pretty and ornamental to the *eye*, says he! but time *overthrows* it—the thought arose from some *weak* person on this side of the water, *pitying* him that he could not afford to keep the same *state* and *figure* as he did in *England*, and before he was in *exile*—forgetting that beautiful expression of *Milton*, in *himself* was all his *state*, when Adam is represented moving in *naked* majesty, as lord of all.

I have, I think, very sufficiently answered all those querists, who pretend to think a regiment, because it bears the name of *Old Buffs*, *Old Tangerines*, &c. &c. &c. can behave better than a set of young lads raised at the *drum* head; and scarce drilled

drilled three months since—I instanced this in the *marines*, formerly at *Carthagena*; then, lately, at *Belleisle*; and in *Elliot's* and other regiments now in *Germany*.—If a man is not *inwardly* courageous, we cannot imagine (who think and see clearly) that wearing *scarlet* and sleeping half the day at an *ale-house-door* in a profound peace, can make a *soldier* of him—on the contrary, those who have even been *much* employed, lose much of their *military* fierceness by a long *peace*, and are not the *same* they were when in the midst of a *campaign*—*courage* is tolerably *mechanical*, and being in camps with no other objects, but *military* ones round you, even the *timid* are made *brave*, and perhaps (very different from Jack Falstaff's opinion) *upon compulsion*.

I say then, that no enemy *abroad* can be so nimble with us in their motions, as to *invade* us and lodge an army, here, without our being able to send out a *proper fleet* to intercept them—our *ambassadors*, indeed, have slept formerly! but by the dispositions taken in a late ministry, and the proofs we have had of able heads employed both *abroad* and at *home*, we have no reason to imagine any design from a *neighbouring* enemy; who is the only one to *suspect*; though not, as *formerly*, to be *afraid* of.

Since then, as I said before, that young troops have done equally *as signal* service as those falsely called *Veterans*, whose companies were replete perhaps with *raw* lads scarce of a *three months* standing, and only bore the empty *name*, *style*, and *title* of *Veterans*, what occasion can we have in a profound time of *peace*, for that enormous quantity of *men*, and o' course *expence*, the consequence of such *voracious* gentry? A *standing* militia will ever guard us from *sudden* surprizes! and should, as Mr. *Addison* stiles, it the *wreck of matter and the crush of words*, tumble on the banks of the *Rhine*, it can never disturb our *security* at home, though it may

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the tranquillity of our minds, for the sake of some unfortunate prince suddenly become a prey to his neighbouring enemies—Our commerce still goes on equally as before—and our ships still float as far as winds can waft, or tides can roll them.

I think some great man's definition (*writer* I should have said) of an ambassador is, that, he is the best who can tell the most lies for his country—however ludicrous this definition may seem, 'tis, in part, true—and therefore, we should always send ambassadors who should be aware of such lies—and give such a strict and faithful intelligence, that no fleet of any size should be ready to put to sea, till we first knew of it; and secondly, if possible its destination. I fear during the residence of a late ambassador at the court of Versailles, his time was too much engaged in other private pursuits (and which your lordship had better guess than me explain) to be apprised of public destinations—and however the inferiors, in his department there, might see it! few persons who depend on the smiles of their superiors, chuse to appear as principals! as jealousies often arise which finally fall on themselves.

With this circumspection of proper ministers at French courts, who can hurt us? the bugbear of thirty thousand or sixty thousand men on the coast of Normandy and Britanny, no longer frightens, even children—In a month we can have a force (and properly a national one) which would intimidate such an enemy, if even landed—and when a communication is cut off, or rather their retreat, what a melancholy scene has an invading army before them? nor have they any remedy at hand, but that of throwing down their arms and surrendering themselves—as was the case with the French troops at the battle of Culloden.

Supposing a peace even now accomplished, how long will it be, does your lordship imagine, before
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all the troops and their appendages of *artillery*, &c. &c. &c. can return? Then commissaries must be appointed to clear off *out standing accounts* for *forage*, *hospital service*, *ordnance stores*, &c. &c. &c. *ad infinitum*—and commissaries, my lord, like *attorneys*, hate to wind up the *bottom* hastily—*delays* are their *remedy*—I should rather say their *profit*.

Talking of commissaries, I cannot avoid mentioning the slow *progress* of two, who were sent to *Paris*, in order to regulate the *limits* of *America*, in the last interval of *peace*; if such it may be called! for 'twas but an *interval* at best—a *lucid interval* of ease, and cessation from trouble, between the fits of much *fever* and *convulsions*.

One of these gentlemen, was truly *adroit*, and of one of the first families in *England*—I believe he nearly borders on *peerage*—the other had neither of these *ornaments* or *advantages*, though he bore the title of *his excellency*—a title too common to be *esteemed*! It happened here, as in most employments at that *time* of politics, that the clever person was subordinate, and only a *second in command*—and therefore could not positively exert himself *publicly*, as he would *privately* have wished! the *latter*, I believe, so far went *backward* in the affair of his commission and appointment, that he (or fame belies him) was genteely recalled.

The late admiral *Galiffioniere* was one of the *French* commissaries appointed to *negotiate* with them—who the *other* was I know not, nor does it signify—be it as it *may*, no *business* was done—but rather all was again *undone*—and things were so *intangled* that we saw a war soon *break out*! and discovered how imperfectly, *they*, or rather *he*, had executed the very *important* commission intrusted to his care.

I think, during the time of *this* commissariate, the principal person fell in love with the daughter

of the person where the English ate *in ordinary*—and, for reasons *best* known to himself, married her—she being a *papist*, and having all her family and connexions at *Paris*, was certainly a very improper match for an American *governor* and commander *in chief*—but *fate* is inevitable, especially in matters of *love*—and, 'tis said, he paid dear for this his *parisian* choice, as she kept and maintained a regular correspondence with her family so to his great prejudice and disadvantage, that finally he lost a very considerable appointment in *America*; where, before, he had resided with proper *force* and *credit*.

The word commissary I see begins already to be *disagreeable* to your lordship, even in the bare *mention*—and therefore except in our very hours of *bearty* friendship, I must never mention my plan for the *commissariate academy*, even though I can prove by *figures* undeniable, that about five thousand pounds per annum expended *this way*, would save the nation a *million*—on the same plan that an early magazine of *coal*, *wine*, or other house-keeping necessaries, laid in, at an *early* season, will prevent a *treble* expence in time of *scarcity*.

Rough, *common*, and *trite*, as this my allusion does appear! It is but *just*—through the want of such a preparation against a time of *danger*, we have nobody ready, and every *Bremener* is making his *own* terms—when you want them, no *boats* are to be had for *love* or *money*, though the inhabitants can command a *set* for their *own* trafic and necessities—and the horses in the country are all dead with the *glanders*, or some *epidemical* disorders, if you will *believe* them—and as to *corn*, *meal*, *hay*, *straw*, &c. &c. &c. you have only the old standing answer of every she-chandler behind the *compter*, that if you don't *like* her goods, you may let it alone—you have your *money*, says she, and I have my *commodity*—and there is no *barm* done—Yes, but there

there is, though, my lord—for an army perhaps, have not *two shops* to go to ! a large *beast*, or *plain*, affords us no relief, unless to the poor *ass* of a poor *Jew*, who follows the camp to sell *saloop* or *coffee* on a march in a cold morning, and can feed his beast with *thistles*, according to the custom of most countries, and the callous mouth of *that* animal—but what will that do to a *troop*, or *regiment of cavalry* ? Long since maintained in the *environs* of London, on *hay* that shall of itself nourish him more than the very corn of *Westphalia*, which, in general, is *buck-wheat*, and so very carelessly got up, that nothing but *starving*, or *pressing necessity*, and want of *better*, would make the poor animal *take up* with it.

Pay me my *arrears* says a bloated commissary at *Bremen*, and I care not whether I ever *serve* the army again—true ! his first and last bills are so exorbitant, that he is sure of getting enough, stay as long as he will, and he can retire very well on one thousand pounds a year sterling, who at the commencement of the war had scarce as many German *Guilders*, or English *shillings*.

Some persons may answer, that his *industry* and *diligence* have obtained him this, and he richly *deserves* it—I should say the same, was I sure he had been contented with the very moderate profit of *thirty* or perhaps *forty* per cent—but what shall we say of those who have been known to make *cent. per cent.* of a necessitous and perhaps *bleeding* army ?—and who would rejoice at the miseries and wants of *hospital* sufferers—the hardest of all misfortunes attending a war.

Nobody ever doubted the honesty and integrity of Col. G——m, and therefore nobody ever *doubted the reason* given for his resignation ! he found it merely *impossible* to supply the army *honestly* and on the *square*, and of course added *privately*, “ Whatever
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“ reflections we of the commissionate shall suffer at home, these *Bremeners* will be out of the way of hearing it, and if they *did*, would say, like the simple *Hibernian*, “ *Let the house be on fire with all my heart,—I am but a lodger.*”

To repeat the names to an English audience, either in parliament or elsewhere, of these *delinquents* would be a jargon to such hearers, *harder* and more *barsh*, if possible, than the *waive* they often have made with us—I therefore *heard* it—contenting myself to add so much in their favour, that no persons, perhaps whose *conduct* is not accountable or *returnable* (as the law calls it) on *this* side the water would perhaps behave more *honest*.

But in the affairs of my proposed *academy*, you see all these difficulties *removed*—every gentleman, in hopes of gaining *favour* with his *superiors* and *principals* at London, and further advancement in his *profession* (for I would have several degrees of both *rank* and *profit* in this *academy*, among its constituents) would so compose himself as to *win*, or endeavour to *win*, a further provision for his family,—knowing that one day or other (for security should also be left *behind* for his good behaviour) he must make up his account like a *just steward*,—we should certainly stand a chance of finding some *merit* even in a *commissariate*.

The *foreigners* now employed by us, on the other hand, take leave of our last transport with a sneer, and say like another part of the continent—“ *Les anglois ont assez de cet fruit—Laissons nous vuider leurs arbres de pippens d'ors*”—In other words ! The English orchards abound with *golden pippens*—and let us *rob their orchards*, then.

Notwithstanding that I am recollecting every circumstance of your friendship, my lord, while I am travelling over this narrative, since I owe to your lordship the *commission* I bore there, I mean in

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Germany—yet I must own that what with the paucity and infrequency of *profit* and *advantage* gained by us in so many *years*, at the expence of so many *millions* of treasure, and what with the fatigues we went thro' to obtain that *in the field*, which an *adroit* ministry would have obtained for us in the cabinet at *Versailles*, in the years 50, 51, and 52, I am almost tired of the melancholy subject.—Some twitches of *pain* from the effects of *German* maladies, still occasion my *disgust* the more.—and I can truly say as the *Trojan* hero did to the fair *Dido*, *Infandum jubes renovare dolorem*.

We will allow then, much, if not all of our present wants, a want of vigour in our m——y at home, to *resent* properly, the secret machinations of the court of *Versailles*, supposing *proper* intelligence was sent to us—one should think we could not remain *totally* ignorant of what past there *en secrete*, even if the principal did not observe so well as he *ought*—for in his *suite* were as first secretary, the present ambassador at the *Hague*—and, I think, the adjutant general, now in *Germany*, was *en second*—both gentlemen of known and approved abilities.

Did we then know it? And did we chuse to let the French go from their harbours *safely*, and with an unusual assurance of *success* and *secrecy*, that we might have the honour to *overtake* and *drubb* them?—we certainly did succeed in this, if it was our point in view—but their last embarkations were *trifling*, compared to what had crept away in *disguise* (like the famous troops of general *Bays*) by the channel of merchant ships.

The scheme was this—every *private* vessel, according to her *tonnage*, was obliged to entertain for the *voyage*, so many *soldiers*.—Thus, a very great number, equal to an *army*, escaped *unnoticed*, and *undiscovered*—and though it happened, that the *more* who went, the more were *taken* by us (thanks
to

to your *Wolfe*, your *Barringtons*, and *Ambersts*) yet, it might have happened *otherwise*, in a less vigorous ministry than the *last*.

Since I am got on board a *French* fleet, let me observe to your lordship (agreeable to our old friend *Scrub* in the *Stratagem*) that there can be no real *plot* without a *woman* and a *priest*.—It is tolerably well known, that the m———ness of P———r was in raptures with the *American* schemes——and the *Jesuits* waded so deep in the destruction of that part of the world, that even *books* and *catechisms* were formed, the better to perpetrate their *horrible* design.

On the same altar-piece were painted our *Blessed Saviour* and the *French king*; the latter taking the *fleurs-de-lis* from his divine hands, as though the symbols of their arms descended from *heaven*, by a kind of *inspiration*.—Innocent children were taught, before they could speak *plain*, to *lisp* out *destruction* against the *English*.—Such advantages were taken of the poor and illiterate *Savages*, that their ignorance was inhumanly *surprized* into an hatred of us—and, if I mistake not, I shewed your lordship a small *manual*, by way of *catechise*, or *question* and *answer*, where the following is in few words rendered the *test*, or *touchstone* of their faith.

Q Where was our Saviour *born*?

A. At *Paris*, in *Old France*.

Q Who was it that *crucified* him?

A. The *English*, at *London*—the capital of their country.

Q Why were they so wickedly and cruelly *instigated*?

A. Because they were *ungrateful*—and ingratitude was the first of all crimes, and will most likely be the *last*.

Q

Q. Prove then, their *ingratitude*, as well as their *cruelty*?

A. Our Saviour went to London to preach the Gospel, and save them from destruction. His inclination to *serve* and *save* them occasioned his death, &c. &c. &c.

I fancy your lordship will find the whole, somewhere in your *study*—It is pretty remarkable, being bound in the *French* manner—and am sure it was left at — castle.

I am now drawing, my lord, to the time when the *battle*, or rather (as the *French* stile it) the affair of *Felinghausen* happened—a matter in which, as usual, *both* claimed an *equal* honour.—But this is certain, that the advantage of *repulsing* and *disappointing* an enemy, entering into the *electorate*, was ours—and though, so *inferior* in number, the recollection of lord *Granby's* munificence to the soldiery, in *past* cold days, still remained so *strong*, that, by a kind of *electricity*, gratitude warmed their hearts in such a manner, that an handful of *Britons* repelled almost an *host* of *Frenchmen*.

Subsequent to this, the wing of *Clermont* ravaged *East-Friesland*—and four companies of invalids, out of six, having quitted *Emden*, by order, the remaining *two* could make no resistance, unless the *magistrates* and *populace* under them would *join*.—The vice-roy, *Lentz*, was forced to go into the neutral country of *Oldenburg*; and sheltered himself with the prince of *Zerbst*, who has a small territory at an angle of this *Danish* territory; and who also has another such principality near *Berlin*!—where his situation being uncertain and troublesome, he (the prince) removed to this part for security.

It is said he (Mr. *Lentz*) has been an *hostage* once since the war, and having broke his *parole*, on the disappearing of the enemy, his *life* was in danger.—The archives of *Auric*, and what treasure of the

king of Prussia was left there, now was removed to *Stade*—and all appeared in the usual confusion.

The late commandant having passed to England, his successor enjoyed his 300*l.* per annum for but a short time; though, for that short time, he did more honour to it than had been done before;—for so profuse are we of our money abroad, my lord, to individuals only, while the general suffers, that when once the staff is loaded with such an allowance, there it remains *ad infinitum*—at least, while the war remains.—But this gentleman had the mortification to see that the law of arms, at least, of English arms, was not superior to the Prussian laws; for, in spite of centinels at his gate, to keep off the *Bureau de justice* from taking possession of his house and garden, as he thought, a decree of the royal chamber at *Auric*, as I said before, proved him an usurper of another's property.—Perhaps, he was not well instructed in the affair, or in the laws of that country, when he made so palpable a mistake.—As evil communications corrupt good manners, so evil counsellors create most unhappy mistakes, even in well-meaning minds.

More than two different times, within this year, did prince Ferdinand find himself reduced to the sad necessity of sending a detachment of troops to Bremen! in order the better to enforce obedience from that refractory and obstinate people—the four companies who went from Emden, threw themselves into this city. The other remaining two capitulated,—and the French fury was only vented against those inhabitants who had deserved it so amply, as I mentioned in the affair of admiral Holmes, and the Jews availing themselves of the incident.

The death of our good old king, I might have said the best, were I not authorized, by public authority, to stile his successor the best of sovereigns, made no difference in the continental measures.—Plans once settled, are difficult to be changed at once, and allies must not

be

be left in the *lurch* though ever so *ungrateful*, or ever so *unfortunate*.

The house of *Austria*, having, as I said before, *guarantied* to *Russia* all dominions of the king of *Prussia*, *contiguous* and *convenient* to their own, 'twill not be very easy to gain, at such a *distance*, a *resignation* of such principalities and territories in his *favour*—Time must prove who is in the *right*, or who in the *wrong*—But unluckily in *public* as *private* life, the *unfortunate* and *unsuccessful* are always in the *wrong*.

The rich dutchy of *Cleves* will make a pretty addition and contiguity, to the *Austrian* Netherlands—as *Pomerania* will to the *Russians*. *Falstaff* says, I remember, when the *traitors* are puzzled to give a reason why they engaged against their *monarch*, that “*rebellion lay in their way, and they found it.*”—I wish the illustrious and powerful court of *Vienna* does not say the same of the county of *Cleves*,—that it lay in *their way*; or, at least, lay *convenient* for them, and therefore, they not only *found* it, but *bound* it to their other *neighbouring* dominions.

The late king having made a list of *generals*, superior to any that ever appeared in this country at least, though in fact only to bring *forward* true merit, and not a parcel of *superannuated* undeservers—the French made some droll *songs* on the occasion; the burthen of which was, that we possessed *general* knowledge, *general* bravery, *general* integrity, *general* oeconomy, and therefore should be *generally* esteemed all over the world.

Our cavalry, for want of *dry*, and indeed *proper*, forage, now *died* apace—and indeed what they were able to obtain often cost them a jaunt of *ten* or *twelve* English miles. The prett^y horse your lordship gave to general ——’s *aid du camp* fairly departed this troublesome life, in the *flower* of his age, for want of what many an English innkeeper

is often *littering* his stable with—for dry *straw* is no bad food—and, I remember once at *Warbourg*, seeing a fellow very busy on the top of an house *new-thatched*, when asking him what he was about, his *answer* was, “ Taking down some of this excellent *straw*, and when I have cut it small, and prepared it *properly*, says he, I’ll make my poor *credulous* Irish horse believe that it is *oats*.”

The count de *Bentheim* once more entered his *palace*, and very drolly asked the gardiner, why the alterations he had *proposed*, when *last* he was there, were not *performed*?—The poor fellow had an *answer* at hand—“ that he did not care to work for his highness’s *enemies*; and he was not sure his friends would come again *so soon*.”—Some more *knights-companions* were made of the order *de la necessité*, as it was called—and the country was forced to find horses to draw *artillery* towards *Munster*.

Wesel, my lord, now is prevented from all *surprize*—Fresh *works*, or rather *outworks*, are made, and the strongest place in the world is still made *stronger*, if your lordship can take my meaning. The name of the place is so unwelcome to the *English*, that, I believe, even the marquis of *Granby*, could hardly bring them on, was the *real* secret known, where the destination was *pointed*.

If your lordship will reckon on my veracity, the very suspicion of the scheme was *displeasing*; and it was guessed at pretty well, as we *approached* the place. —And had *Munster* or *Lipstadt* been in the *enemy’s* hands, and the destination had laid *that way*, I am well convinced our troops, from their *gallantry*, would have even attempted it a *second* time.

The marquis of *Granby’s* sudden journey to *London*, when it seemed to be a time for action, puzzled most of, even, the *discerning* heads at *camp* and *elsewhere*—His removing his *baggage* to *Nienberg* gave very cogent suspicions that he meant to *resign*—partly, from a love of honourable *retirement*, after
more

more than once exposing himself with his so valuable *expectations*, to the danger of a private *dragoon*—partly from some disagreement with *superiors*—But, chiefly, as it is said, from an honest disdain to sign such enormous *bills* as the commissaries were *daily*, and *hourly*, bringing in.—Be it as it *may*: it seems every thing was *healed* at his arrival, as his stay was *short*, and his junction with the army effected *time* enough, to give the summer blow to the French at *Felinghausen*.

The reports of his journey being relative to his *majesty's* marriage, were certainly *chimerical*.—His excellency was never *there*.—I mean at *Strelitz*.—But, as several of our English *nobility* (particularly lord *Stormont*, the late lord *Downe*, and many others) had been entertained at that *northern* court, no wonder the superlative accomplishments of that lady, in *question*, reached more *southern* climes.—The affair of the letter to the king of *Prussia*, on behalf of her *brother's* afflicted and distressed country, is no fiction in *general*; though the *very* letter may be different.—It is farther said, her own *private* history of the present war, at least *that* part of it, which relates to *Upper Germany*, is truly a masterpiece for *style* and *connexion*.

Luckner's regiment, which in fact is a little army of *itself*, in the service of the *elector*, will, perhaps, be a model for some such *corps* with us after the war.—I believe *Fischer's*, in the French service, is an elder plan—and the prince of *Buckeburg* has one also on the *same* footing.

There are *carabineers*, *common troopers*, *light horse*, *bussars*, *light infantry*, *fuzileers*, and *spearmen*, all in one *body*—going out on *distinct* services, such a *mixture* may be necessary.

I will dwell a minute on the *nature* of these troops—They have no *pay*—and, whether in a *body*, or *detached* party, whatever is their *plunder*, it is all brought to the *public* stock—They have a travelling
auctioneer,

auCTIONeer, who sells away, whenever he can find a town of *proper* purchasers—and, as the *Jews* follow all *camps*, in perfect *tribes*, like their *fore-fathers*, these sales are not long in *agitation*, before they are *completed*; and the money fairly *divided* among them, according to their *rank*, and not according to the *duty* done—as a man in the *hospital* shares *equally* with him who bore the *brunt* and *fatigue* of the day.

It is said, general Luckner has gained this war, by his share of plunder and contributions, above *an hundred thousand pounds*—Perhaps mess. *Cumberland* and *Fischer*, on the French side, are not *behind* hand with him.

Thus, my lord, you see the *partizans*, or *freebooters*, or *irregulars* (for they bear very different names, though all unite in the same *plan*) may well be said to *follow the trade of war*, according to *Othello*,—and a good trade too, as *they* make of it—And, though the *regulars* are not on the level with them, as to *profit*; yet observe! that the business and danger of the *former* are almost perpetual—They are the *fore-runners* of all enterprize; the *barbin-gers* of general destruction; of which they only bear a *particular* part—and, indeed, the services they do are often very particular—and the terror they strike, even on their entering the very *borders* of a country, is but too well known, and which the *news-papers* will easily convince all *strangers* of.

As their troops differ so in *quality*, as well as *quantity*, from all *others*; their very *exercise* and manner of *living* differ also—Even their *dress* varies, and agreeably enough—*Books* are printed merely for their *own* conduct, called by the name, title and title of the duty of *partisans*, the office of *freebooters*, &c. &c. &c. &c. and *regular* rules are equally laid down for their *irregular* corps, as though they were the *carabineers of France*.

I thought to the black flock—I have a travelling

I remember one observation, which is *natural* enough—namely, that their expeditions for destroying *public* magazines, or raising *private* contributions, are best executed in the *winter*; and particularly in an *hard frost*, or very *cold* weather—And the reason given is that then the *boors*, *binds*, and *farmers* are all in their *houses*; and not so likely to hear an enemy coming, till said enemy are on their *skirts*—so much for *irregular* corps! And whoever has a mind to read this little treatise will, I believe, find it translated—if not, they may get the original. And, if they are not conversant in the language, French interpreters are easily obtained at more than half a dozen *coffee-houses* in this vast metropolis.

If any *private* readers, for *public* ones, I hope, will never see this rhapsody, at ——— castle, should *publicly*, even there, declare, that I ought not to inveigh against *standing* armies, when my *bread* depends on it,—pray, whisper them, my lord, that I mean to *quit* at a *proper* time—having felt more inconveniences than *climate*, *German fogs*, *rotten canals*, and *rye-bread*—I have more than once seen my inferior in *family* and *rank* hoisted over my head—and am determined to be a witness of no such *maltreatment* again—Therefore, as I have given my thoughts very candidly on the *militia*, let me mention also a *state-trick*, practised in time of *peace*, when the *flood-gates* of all possible expence, should and ought to be *closed*; and when indeed, as practised in *former* times, the *practice* has been, if not to leave them quite *open*, yet to suffer a tolerable *out-let*; so that the *springs* are, invisibly, exhausted, before any one suspects a *decay* of the fountain.

By the constitution of *Ireland* (I should have said the *kingdom* of *Ireland*—though a droll of my acquaintance calls it only a *lord-lieutenant-dom*) they are obliged, in the profoundest hour of *peace*,

to maintain, support, and pay *twelve thousand* troops, in such manner as his majesty shall best *approve*—But in the hurry of *fixing* this point of politics, it never was stipulated what number of regiments should be on foot, to make up said *twelve thousand*, as a *standing* army.—Therefore near forty regiments by a *state* or ministerial trick, are *melted* down, if I may use *that* expression, to bring them to that *weight* only—Judge then, what a list of *officers* are supported to strenghten the hands of a minister! when an whole *troop*, with *drum*, *corporal*, &c. &c. &c. have not amounted to more than eighteen—and a *company* of foot scarce ever exceeded twenty-five.

The *standing-dish* of an answer, always ready on such occasions, is, that by *their* means, a body of *veterans* are kept up—*experienced* men—*disciplinarians*—*martinetts*, &c. &c. &c. &c.—and what not? In time of peace, our profession to be sure is famous for *studying* the art of a *future* war, which they never expect will happen in their *life-time* again.—And, I remember, when under the late general *Wolfe's* command in *Scotland*, that he had a *military* library merely to instruct his *juvenile* corps.—But his lectures, like those of *Gresham* college, (the *venerable* and *unfrequented*) were more *talked of* than *heard*—and I, scarce, knew a pupil of his who looked on it in any other light than killing an hour, as they would at a *coffee* house or town *parade*, among the country beauties of the *market-peace*.

But I will suppose my sixteen *veteran* troopers or dragoons, or my *quarter of an hundred* infantry to be *veterans*—or, in other words, that they continue *eating*, and *drinking*, and *sleeping*, on six-pence a day, rather than getting *two and six-pence*, or perhaps a *crown*, by following the trade they were *bred* to—When the time comes by the intelligence of *cabinets*, to spread and extend said *dozen and an half* troopers

troopers or dragoons, or said *quarter of an hundred* infantry into an *hundred*, or a full company—the company perhaps immediately goes on *service*, and perhaps also the *whole* regiment—and though the *title* of this same battalion is the *fifth*, the *tenth* or *twentieth*, pray is it an *old* corps, when you see that *four parts in five* of the whole were raised at a *minute's* or *month's* notice?

Thus are we gulled by *words*, cheated by *appearances*—and for want of having *general* knowledge enough to take things as they *really* are, unfortunately, accept them as they *seem*. The newspapers immediately get a *paragraph* or *two*, what very gallant and magnificent feats this *old* regiment of *young* buffs, or rather *young* regiment of *old* buffs will perform, and so our motto is as usual *decipimur specie*, &c. &c.

But by this stratagem, my lord, a minister, as I said before, *strengthens* his hands—has a variety of *fresh* appointments always to *dispose* of—and while the old story of *smugglers*, dressed up sometimes in the garb of intended or imaginary *cruelty* and *excess*, makes it necessary to keep up a body of troops on the coasts of *Kent*, *Essex*, *Sussex* and *Hampshire*, there is no fear that a man at the *helm* will have *voices* enow on his side—and no danger of our ever getting out of *debt*.

Thus while *Ireland* is seemingly become the *nursery* for *veteran* troops, 'tis only the *snake in the grass* for loading us *in futuro*, and putting in a minute, another cypher to the number,—thus ten thousand you see by such an *bocus pocus* becomes at once one hundred thousand.

Do, my lord! of your great goodness and benevolence tell this from your *seat* in p——t—What fears can your lordship have? blest with an *unincumbered* estate, and without the pleasing *incumbrance* of children—Exert that ability which just *providence*

but chiefly your own *application* have given you—
and be the *Brutus* of an almost *sinking* country!

We have felt the advantages of a *militia*, and his all-gracious *majesty*, together with many of his *royal* line, personally countenanced this glorious plan—
even while I write this, my lord, my servant *informs* me, on *asking* him, what *distant* firing I hear from the neighbourhood of *Hyde-Park*, that the *Dorsetshire* militia, are now passing in review before the *best of sovereigns*—one officer there, I think, has near *twenty thousand pounds* per annum property, and has an *head* to conceive, and an *heart* to execute, every thing great in *public* or *private* life.

The very name and reputation of a *fixt* and *standing* militia, will ever cure the *French* of the *itching* disorder they used to have, of *invading* us, at least *Scotland*, and I don't think, that it would be amiss, at a *proper* time, to have on the *coast* of *England*, a particular body of troops, in imitation of their *garde de costa*—kept only for *that* service.

But however expensive and troublesome this war has been, *one* advantage will accrue to us, according to the maxim, that from confusion *order* will arise—and that is, on the disbanding of near *one hundred thousand* men, which I hope will be the case, every *village* will have in *proportion* to her inhabitants, *more* or *less* disciplined men—there is nothing so mysterious in the *manœuvres* of small arms, that, for want of *practice*, it is quite *forgot*—think then only what a body we could raise *sur le champ* should the enemy play us, or rather *pretend* to play us, such a trick as that *stale* and almost now *obsolete* and worn out one of an *invasion*.

As the *wind* is fair, and an *occasion* prevents itself, give me leave again to whirl you to the banks of the *Wefer*, for the *Ems* is cut off from us, and by *that* means, a passage to the *Lower Rhine*, as *Holland* is neuter, entirely *prevented* by a circuit of near
three

three hundred miles—for, my lord, *Oldenburg* belonging to the *Danes*, still *neutral*, we have no passage *that way*, and therefore a tolerable circuit will be necessary to bring us on the *Lippe* again, should that ever be judged proper—I mean with any fresh troops either as *recruits* or *remounts*—the French have therefore well judged to lay *East Friesland* and *Embsen* open to their arms. Could ever *Holland* have been brought to *accede* to our measures, with what *force* and *weight* might we not have entered *that part* of *Germany*, where the then *seat of war* was, without a *detour* from the *Ems* to the *Rhine* almost? But a *scheme* was certainly on foot, and thoroughly intended, for a fleet to have escorted transports towards *Antwerp* on the *Schelde*, in order to have put the *French* between two fires at the affair of *Wesel*—and that without any wise touching the territories of *Holland*, and of course infringing the *neutrality* of that country—not but that I think the ridiculous behaviour of the black-bearded *commodore* in the *Ems*, in pursuing a boat under the cannon of *Delft-Zyll* as mentioned before, was a species of *infringement*—the man was rather pitied for his *intellects*, I believe, than censured for his *conduct*, and so perhaps the affair dropt into *silence*, and he is still commander in chief of a sloop of *eight guns*—though his signals are oftner repeated, to the emolument of powder-mills, than even a *commodore* at *Sheerness* with a ship of near *one hundred*.

Should the French ever take possession of *Bremen*, there goes your second door against you to *escape* from *Germany*—the army might indeed reach the *Elbe* some miles above *Stade* or *Harbourg*, supposing the enemy in possession of them both—but whoever possesses *Stade* commands the *Elbe* so perfectly, that scarce any transports can *safely* pass or repass, without their demanding to know *why* and *wherefore*?

I mentioned just now, infringement of *neutrality*—and often think, from what small sparks, great *flames* may arise—some years ago, I think in the *hurry* of war, and *forgetfulness* or *ignorance* of commanders or *Cabinets*, that the king of *Prussia* ever intended to be a *maritime* power, we took a sloop of his off or near *Hastings*—the very expence of *civilians* to determine this affair was equal to the *value*, supposed by the *arrêtement*—and yet though we *compounded* and *compromised* the affair, by proving we were ignorant of the *colour* even of his majesty's flag, great *submissions* were made, and much *condescension* entered into—beneath the dignity of *insule fortunata*,—and this leads me to examine myself, and ask even *myself* a reason, for I can ask no one *else*, and if I *did*, perhaps no one would *inform* me—whether his majesty of *Prussia* did not once intend, before his other necessities might *drive* away this thought, to become a *maritime* power? The *Ems* would afford some *shelter* for shipping—the *Baltic* much more—and 'tis imagined by many that that his views of setting up a claim on *Groenin-gen* (which province lies *north* of the *Zuyder Zee*) was not to gain *one* side of that little *ocean*, and rendezvous a fleet occasionally at *Harlingen*, or *Dockum*, as the Dutch do at the *Texell*.

But let him do it even when *not* our ally! at best he will be but a *retailer* in that way, while we keep on in the *wholesale* as usual,—well may it be called the *fortunate island*—and well may the *French* and other continental *jealousists*, stile us the *fiers insulaires*—because we hold up our heads so high, and never bow our *pavilion* at least, to them who would be as *proud* as ourselves, if our honest *short waist-coated* heroes would let them.

Munster, at the time I conclude this rhapsody is still in *our* hands—and so is *Lipstadt*, but the vicinity to the dutchy of *Cleves*, *Wesel*, *Gueldres*, &c. &c.

&c. &c. where the French army is, always, at nurse, if I may use *that* expression, will ever alarm us, and keep us on the *qui vive*, with an expensive garrison at *both* places—which troops, if joined to the army, would long *er* this, have enabled us to have fought them, and fought them too.

By their numerous detachments our cause has been kept at short allowance, and stunted in its growth, nor have we ever been able to make a proper head against France:—England cannot afford more troops, or indeed finances, to raise and pay them;—drums may beat, and head quarters may be assigned at the blue or black bear to receive recruits, but while near ten pounds sterling is given for a fellow who, perhaps, next day deserts, we shall never be able to have little more than an army of observation in Germany, while the French extend their wings, and fly about with their flying troops, wherever they chuse, from the Rhine to the Weser.

May this be our last continental war!—Even children, as I have often observed at Hastings, Bright-helmstone, and other places, (when your lordship so far honoured me, as to make the southern tour, on the plan of searching out antiquities, and natural curiosities) teach us the beauty of our situation, by swimming in their infancy little boats of even paper, when their little pockets cannot stretch to a toy-shop one,—and being grown up to maturer age, how often have we smiled to see them, when their tender parents have thought themselves secure of their childrens safety, by securing under lock and key the mainsail of their little yacht, stealing out the little vessel, and hanging up their shirt, properly tied together, in humble imitation of a sail of some sort; and putting to sea, always, in pursuit of the French,—a natural expression, and from the heart, my lord, which proves the proper, and necessary antipathy

tipathy we have, and ever ought to have, against such potent, and rival neighbours.

Is not this a lesson then, to be read oftener than lessons for the day generally are? Nature pleads aloud for this so natural force to us, — and I could wish, my lord, that every nobleman or gentleman in this kingdom, was absolutely forbid making the tour of France, or the grand tour of all Europe, till he could produce a certificate that he had coasted this island of ours; and, thereby, proved to his eyes the beauty and value of its so masterly situation.

I see how the wits at Arthur's, where indeed the comedy of wit without money, is too often practised, I fear, among some of the satellites attending the superior planets, smile at this, and cry, — what are we to go and sail then in a dirty cabin? The late admiral Byng, of fatal memory, was initiated into the art and mystery of navigation, by first entering a ship of that kind; and making several coasting voyages to Newcastle, Whitehaven, Glasgow, and where not? Nobody ever could doubt his skill in navigation! It was pity he who could conquer winds and weather, (often such powerful enemies) would not even endeavour to conquer a then feeble enemy; but he felt the consequence, — and I chuse to say no more, — as I know your lordship's affinity to, and connexion with, that family.

Lord G. — S. — has, perhaps, felt more. — Tamerlane tells the Dervise, who would have stabbed him, that he would have him live! for to die, says he, were a reward. — but, this gentleman's affair has been, so often canvassed, that it is needless to say more. — All I shall add, by way of Coup de Grace, to that person is, and in the words of Mark Anthony, — If he was —, it was a grievous fault, — and grievously has Caesar answered it.

The

The shabby magazine at *Emden*, no doubt, is destroyed, or the *French* very likely littered their horses with it, being fit for no other use.—But, I suppose, as dirty as it appeared, the figures are very clear in the *treasury-books* for profit and loss,—for commissaries, like innkeepers, however they may spell ill, or write a sorry hand, generally understand cutting a figure well—and, perhaps, in a hurry, not with design to be sure! invert a six; and so three thousand gains footing, at the foot of their accounts, by a figure of nine, which ought to have stood upright, had they ever shewed a tendency to justice, or uprightness.

A few occasional suppers at the great, or Lord's-cellar in *Bremen*, to proper persons, and what is commonly called a pair of gloves, well fringed with gold, will make these bills go down,—and such a lack of oeconomy have we, in the public affairs, that it is well known, as I said before, no receipts are given, till the Old Hock has pretty well stupified all the parties; and till they have just that kind of eloquence left, as to say, “Well, and what species of a receipt now will you have?”

The dark cellar at *Bremen*, my lord, has been privy to many a dark scheme;—and, believe me, while transitory and occasional commissaries are picked up, here and there, without imagining, that they have, or can have, any affection for us, and our country, we shall ever be the pay-master-generals—while gentlemen bred up in the manner I have mentioned, would naturally say,—but how can I face my superiors at home? who have abused the trust of ten talents committed to my charge; and when I know that my stewardship has been a bad one.

My lord! as the weather now grows fine, and my gout or rheumatism, my lumbago or sciatica, seem to mend, your lordship, as I undertook it on the terms of equally wearing off the tedious hours of my own medicinal

medicinal confinement, as amusing yourself and the ladies at ———— castle, will now excuse me if I think of winding up the bottom of my *thread*; and, I fear, thread-bare *history*, to take the air a little, this, and exercise will, perhaps, effect my *cure*, ———— and, if I have *strength*, your lordship may depend on it that I will join another *Christmas* in ————shire, to the many I have passed there.

As I have served my country since fourteen, (for I entered the service so *young* that I remember, when marching into *Chester*, the maid servants running to the door, cryed, Lord, Mary, come here and see what an *officer* here is!)— I say, as I have faithfully served my *king* and *country*, since almost my *nonage*, and have some proofs, not easily *erasable*, there is no one can imagine that I stay from my little command in *Germany* like a *Melingerer*.—But I could wish to communicate to you many things which even your *lady*, though the worthiest of her sex, and the rest of your family, ought *not* to know—the one *horse* chair, as I said before, an open *down*, and the honest old *Holsteiner*, can tell no *tales*,—for indeed, my lord, the motto of this paper, *miserrima vidi*, is faint to what I have *secretly* to impart; for as I am not afraid of my superiors in matters of *truth*, so am I indifferent whether I am captain of *horse*, or captain of *militia*.—My fortune, *little* as it is, with *economy* becomes *great*;—and though I would not lose my rank, which I have so hardly *fought* for, yet am indifferent about an *addition* of pay; which, by *no* means answers (to a man who would do proper *honour* to his command) the *expence*, the *fatigues*, and concomitant circumstances of *inconvenience* attending the life *military*.

When I speak of doing honour to a commission, I mean that was I allowed 300 *l. per annum*, from his majesty's *generosity*, to entertain *itinerant* brethren of the *spontoon*, in any such situation as should in-

title

title me to it, sure, my lord, I should no longer *deserve* it than as I laid it out for the *service* intended, — and all the profit which should accrue *therefrom*, ought only to be the nourishment and support of my *own* family, — so far, is *fair*! — but, by a new arithmetic, *five per cent.* disbursed, is full enough, according to the calculation of some commandants in *Germany*; and the rest makes a good *sinking fund* for some *spurious* offspring; or what your lordship pleases further to *imagine*. When our *foreign bills* are paid, I mean the *outstanding* ones, I shall have *better* grounds to go upon. But I recollect a droll circumstance of a bridge of *boats*, at a place called *Borsum*, on the river *Ems*, where our *English cavalry* first debarked, that for want of a little *inspection*, cost fifteen hundred pounds sterling. One captain *Lyon* (I think that was his name) carried home the *superstratum* or *floor* to prove how we had been *cheated*; — and he might have taken the *boats* too; for I believe the daily *hire* of them was more than the *original* value.

What strange *in-circumspection*? in the days of *robbing* and *plundering*, and raising *Hussar-like* contributions on *ourselves*, it is no wonder such a *trick* was played, as being ever *encouraged* from *above*: — but, will you believe, my lord, that a *consul*, for the time being only *requested*, and that office to be held more for *honour* than *profit*, was absolutely *refused*, — though some thousands would have been saved to the *government*, even in the *single* *principality* of *East-Friesland*.

I am told the chaplain at *Emden*, then in the pay of his *majesty*, was one of the *candidates* — he spoke and wrote the *French* language, as well as most *Englishmen*, — an additional pay to what he *had* would have effected great *changes* in the department of *foreign bills* there — for want of such a person, whether *himself* or *another*, great abuses were committed —

mitted—and as a reason for the *Emdenites* hatred to the English at present, they ever say, or pretend to say, that great arrears are still due to them.

Since I have mentioned the rancour the people of this place have towards us, give me leave to mention a small anecdote not hitherto mentioned.—An English gentleman, who had been a director in their *India* company, was in love, and perhaps beloved by a beautiful lady at *Auric*, whose fortune was truly considerable.—She was an orphan, and her own mistress, being of age.—The match was near concluded between themselves, only much to the hatred, and dissatisfaction of the whole principality, no doubt, who wanted her for themselves.

On the duke of *Marlborough's* landing, some whispers went current, and it is the most lasting currency of all countries, that this gentleman was privately in the interest, if not in the service of *France*.—He merited part of this suspicion, by being habited after their manner;—not only being in white, their national uniform, but having a feather in his hat:—accordingly, he was genteely apprehended:—I believe colonel *Philips*, now of the train, had the care of him.—But no sooner was the benevolent and generous duke of *Marlborough* apprized of particulars, than he ordered him to be released with honour; and was sorry that public business had occasioned his private uneasiness so long.

But the lady was lost! Fame blew the wrong end of her trumpet, and soon after a brother (by name *St. Colomb*) to an eminent professor of *Göttingen*, the royal and electoral university of our gracious king, got the prize; to the discontent, though not equal one, of the people of *East-Friesland*.
Having mentioned *Göttingen*, your lordship sees, with half your usual discernment, the reason why the *French* stick so close to that city and university:—places of learning should generally be free:—and, I think,

think, *Marshal Saxe*, when he *conquered*, or rather *over run*, *Flanders*, paid a particular compliment to *Louvain*; the famous and only university in the *Austrian Netherlands*.

Strip *Oxford* of its *students*! and it would be difficult to find immediate currency for one hundred pounds. In time of *peace*, seldom less than *one thousand* students, many of them with a *Suite* of several servants, according to the *German* custom, inhabited *at*, and resided *in*, this place.——By driving them all from the *spot*! imagine only what a *defalcation* and *abatement* of revenue is there! The very *professors* are fled, for want of *pupils* to help on their *income*,——and thus a possession of this favourite spot, does more prejudice to the *electorate*, than if they had twenty common towns.

The seizing the town of *Hanover* is very immaterial, as all the *valuables* of the king are happily and prudently removed from thence to *Stade*, and to be removed again to *England* *thence*, if *need* should be——and very *just* they should.——The *possession*, therefore, of a city, destitute of all particular *valuables*, would be no very great *prize*,——and would be too distant for their *efforts*, in other places, where their troops are more *wanted*.

That *Hanover* (and I fear it was mentioned *before*) leads to *Magdeburgh* and *Berlin*, is very plain; and therefore it is necessary, on account of our *magnanimous ally*, to keep the enemy from a pass so material as the *before* mentioned place.——I know those who cast their eyes over a *map*, with an observation *different* from your lordship, imagine, that the *short* cut may be taken from one *city* or *county* to another, as *fox-hunters* go from one *parish* to the *next*, by the *strait forward* rout,——but armies move not in *this* manner,——they must take their *magazines* in the way,——and open roads must be *kept* to prevent *surprizes*, *ambuscades*, and all those train

of evils, which inclosed countries, ever threaten to armies, who have *prudent* commanders at their head.

Add to *this*, what an incumbrance are the *impediments*, as Cæsar so *justly* calls them, to the *march* of armies? *Waggons*, *artillery*, &c. &c. &c. join so as to make a line of march near *ten miles* long. — But then observe, my lord, that one of our road-carriages will contain more than twenty times what a *German* one can;—nay, I do not know, whether one of our *Somersetshire galeons*, as our friend calls them, would not take up *half a dozen* of these continental machines, horses and all, and carry them to the utmost *Thule* of *Scotland*.

I forgot to mention to your lordship, besides the *distress* it occasions to *individuals*, what infinite trouble and expence *hospitals* create; and more particularly, when they are to be *moved* at an instant, by an *alarm* of the enemy.—The first we had was at *Lingen*, belonging to the king of *Prussia*, about thirty miles in the rear of our army, then on the banks of the *Lippe*—Now it has travelled as far as *Bremen*.

'Tis ever necessary to have it in the *rear* of an army, and at a considerable distance, as the *sick* count, on a balance of prisoners, equally with the *able*.—But when six hundred were to be removed, at once, and by their wounds scarce more than one could lie in a *single* waggon, their dimensions being scarce more than eight or nine feet by one and a half; judge what an *inconvenience*! And when it so happens, that the roads are *paved*, which is the case with all the great roads in *France*, *French Flanders*, the *Austrian* Netherlands, and many parts of both *Upper* and *Lower Saxony*, think only what misery the *individuals* must suffer from the *jars* of *slight* waggons, ill-constructed, on roads so irregular, and merciless, as are the *pavé* of these countries,—add

to this, that the *inhabitants* and *drivers* are not always the most *tender-hearted*, and often give the poor patient an *hint*, and too *sensible* a one, in what *province* or *principality* they are; so as never to escape their *memory* afterwards.

These are the *horrors* of war! and it puts me in mind of an anecdote not *unworthy* my mentioning, and your lordship's *attention*, of a young gentleman, nearly allied to a very capital family in *England*, who, though possessed of a very considerable estate in *land* and *money*, had the *pomp* and *circumstance* of war, the *spirit-stirring-drum*, and the *ear-piercing fife* so very strongly in his *precordia*, that he would, contrary to the advice of all his *relations* in general, and his *friends* in particular, request to go abroad as a *volunteer*, in the *Prussian* army.

Your lordship may imagine no *delay* was occasioned by a want of any letters *recommendatory*—he, accordingly obtained them; and joined the king's army near *Dresden*; I believe, then, watching the *Saxons* in their very strong camp at *Pirna*.

The king of *Prussia*, whose camp abounds with the *strictest*, and best *sumptuary*, laws, was afraid a volunteer of such *fortune* might *corrupt* and *taint* the parsimonious tract *he* and his army walked in; after receiving him *graciously*, and with the *respect* due to his *rank*, his *family* and *connexions*, ordered him to attend the *hospital*, and do duty, there, at *present*, till he could find a *proper* opportunity of shewing him in some other point of view.

Time went on! The young gentleman attended his duty, very strictly—but, at last, *tired* of being *inactive*, said, or at least *wrote* to the king, that he came over with a view of learning the *military* art, and, being a *student* under his *majesty*, and his *generals*, the better to do honour to his *country* on his *return*, was sorry not to be so *employed*, and so on, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

The

The king then said, or is reported to have said,
 “ Sir, I would have you first see the *miserics* of
 “ war, and observe well, how the most blooming
 “ youth are in *deshabillé*, and disagreeable necessity,
 “ by the fatigues as well as accidents of a campaign.
 “ You are hence taught, that the *tented* field is not
 “ a place of *gaiety*, as some people may imagine—
 “ and, if a garden, or, as it is often called, a field,
 “ the *barnests* are iron ones that we reap here.”

The king got rid of his *qui vive* volunteer by this *stratagem*.—He was cautious of admitting one such *English*-man into his *corps*, lest others should follow the invitation.—An *English* *commoner* or *nobleman*, with twenty pound a day of private patrimony, and perhaps a large bag, or rather sack, of savings during a long *minority*, would soon contaminate the *prudence* and, almost, *unprecedented* economy of a *Prussian* army, where *subalterns*, hardly, have the pay of a *serjeant* in our *guards*; though they may have *invisible* means of supporting themselves, unknown to *free-born* *Englishmen*.

Such terrible *subordination* is in their army, as would very ill suit with us; the young volunteer just mentioned, as he informed me, saw several *punishments* in the camp—and it must, I mean, exclusive of the poor suffering *delinquents*, be a comical sight to observe, that, when a man runs the *gantiloupe*, their common punishment, if any soldier is suspected to have *favoured* the man in passing him, the *serjeant* behind him with a tolerable stiff cane, strikes the person who was so *tardy*.—Sometimes both *common* man and *serjeant* are *tardy*, the *ensign* then strikes the *serjeant*.—The *lieutenant* then often strikes the *ensign*, if *tardy* also; and a scene of *uplifted* sticks and canes presents itself, to the odd amusement of *unsuffering* and *unpitied* spectators.

The

The volunteer, in question, determining to gain honour *somewhere*, was killed at *St. Cas*.—A circumstance, in the hour of death, more satisfactory and home-felt than falling in the plain of *Lissa*, or on the mountains of *Prague*; learning the art of war, only, under a stranger, without destroying a real enemy.

Does your lordship believe I ever shall end my *history*? I mean my *rhapsody*! I wait for nothing but my faithful *shoe-maker*, to send me wherewithal to step *easily*, and then I shall fling the *pen* aside—and as much as I railed at *morning-gown* politicians, still, perhaps, imitate them in reading every *paper*, even *wet* from the *press*, and before the fire is half *lighted*, or the boy's eyes half open.

Why Germans keep up large *armies* is *visible*.—Their dominions lie open to *sudden* attacks from violent, rash, and over-bearing *neighbours*.—All princes have not such *passes* to defend their territories as has the king of *Sardinia*; where, like as at the straits of *Thermopylae*, an *handful* may resist and dispute the passage, even with an *host* of men. But besides this *advantage*, or rather *necessity* of a standing army, to oppose an *incroaching* neighbour, they, the *owners*, *lords*, or *princes*, gain by subsidies *ten times* in value, what is sufficient to defray the expence of *such* troops.

Many of our allies have, in *former* times, been paid *levy* money for troops already in *being*, and on *foot*.—After *this*, considerable sums have been issued to put such armies *in motion*, as it is called,—besides allowances of a most enormous kind for *waggon* and *artillery* service, and so on *ad infinitum*.

When I have examined a sailor going post to Portsmouth on a *lean* horse, with a *broom* in his hand, by way of *switch*, and perhaps a great stone hanging to the horse's *tail*, to prevent his *dipping* forward, and have asked him where he was *bound*?
his

his answer has generally been on board the ~~front~~,
(or any ship your lordship will imagine) in order to
serve my king, and save my bleeding country.—
By accident, and merely so perhaps, the expression
is a *strong* one, and your lordship is left to make
your own remarks on it.

But if German princes are necessitated to keep
up forces to guard the *avenues* of a dissipated coun-
try, like that of *Prussia*, are we therefore necessitated
to keep up an *unweildy* army, who have the *ocean*
for our bulwark, and the winds of heaven often for
our defence and protection?—No, my lord, na-
ture has chalked out what and where our security
is;—and may they who doubt it, after such visible
experience to the contrary, never partake of one of
those blessings, which an *island* (and only an island)
can afford.

France, to continue the thought a moment longer,
can never man her fleet with *natives* of her own
country; but must be obliged to *foreign* kingdoms,
even, to replenish the *little* fleet they ever can
boast of—Such bodies of Men, the *oleo* of every
nation, can never have an *affection*, or *attachment*,
for their commander equal to *ours*—Every sailor,
here, looks up to a good captain as his *parent*; and
serve him from *love* rather than *fear*—'Tis owing to
this, our thunder has rolled, so effectually, through
every part of the *known* world.

From *Dunkirk* to *Bordeaux* are a chain of ports
which only respond to the same number on the op-
posite shore of *England*—perhaps, not so many! In
the *Mediterranean*, how thinly scattered are these
conveniences? Not, in *proportion* to the *tract* of
land which the *Mediterranean* washes there—But
examine *Great-Britain* and *Ireland* carefully! See
there such an overplus of *harbours*, that many of
them in *England*, *Milford* for one—and some in *Ire-*
land, as for instance, *Kinsale*, or *Carricfergus*, have
but

but few; and those few so *aggrandized* and *exaggerated*, that if it were not that we already have taken *some*, nay *several* of their impregnable, such as *Quebec*, and *Louisbourg*, one should imagine that *Brest* and *Toulon* were the same.

Even the capitulating *Belleisle* was deemed, once, *insuperable*; and was so, perhaps, to *any* troops but *English*;—however the *beads* were once *timid*, and cautious of venturing, the *inferiors* think nothing too hazardous when *chiefs*, and *favourite* ones, will lead the way.

That *some*, and perhaps *many* of our conquests in *America* were, in a *little* measure, owing to the favourable *diversion* we made in *Germany*, is also very *visible*; but between *ourselves*, my lord, this *diversion*, to take it in the common *acceptation* of the word, has been rather an *anxiety* to *us*,—*never ending*, *still beginning*,—*fighting still*, and *still destroying*,—is part of an excellent air, which, in my *musical* days, I remember to have heard with *pleasure*,—and the greater, as I then thought the picture an *imaginary* one.—But time has, my lord, fairly proved the *contrary*;—and war, *dressed* in her most *pleasing* garb, is still (as *Milton* says, when *Adam* saw *Abel* expire by the hands of *Cain*) horrid to *think*—how, horrible to *feel*!

While I was mentioning our *sea* affairs, I entirely forgot a circumstance which has done equal *service*, as *honour* to our country,—namely, the *cloathing*, and *providing* for helpless *orphans*, and vagabond *boys*, in and about the *environs* of this, unweildy metropolis; and that ever-*laudable* scheme, the *marine society*.—Lads of eight or nine years old, at the *beginning* of the present war, are now *full-grown men*. Half a *dozen* years changes *puerility* into *puberty*; and feeble *youth* into firm *manhood*. How many thousands have been rescued from the *ignominy*, at least,

least, of *legal* punishment, by an early provision of *this* kind, so lately put in *execution*?

It is something particular, that the captains in the *French* navy, do not in the least pique themselves in being a *maritime* people; but only look on themselves as necessary to govern the *military* part of the ship; and *fight* the men as though they were a *land-force*. Half the affection *our* sailors feel for their commanders, is from a *persuasion*, attended often by *proofs*, that the captain was bred as *themselves*; and now is acquainted with all the grammar of *sails* and *cordage*, equally as themselves.

This *defect* in an enemy, joined to a *puffillanimity* so often proved, that the common sailors will not *stand* to their guns in time of *action*, no doubt, occasions such *signal* victories on *our* parts,—inso-much, that it has been no *uncommon* thing for our very sloops to *attack*, at least, if not always *conquer*, capital ships of the enemy's line; while, on the *other* hand, very *large* ships of the *French* nation, have been glad to *avoid*, instead of *attacking* a single *frigate*.

I think *two* captains, one of a *privateer*, the other of an *Antigua* or *West-India* ship, did declare on *oath*, and prove it by *plans*, that *Brest*, however *Toulon* may be, is not the moiety so *strong* as imagined.—It is now too *late* in the war to think of such an *experiment*, and yet there are many of the *sea-faring* people who most eagerly *wish* it.—It would be an *heart-breaking stroke*, should the *French* see this their favourite *Bejoux* wrested from their *hands*; and yet there are not wanting *Hawkes*, *Rodneys* and *Keppels* to undertake it.

Belleisle was a pretty additional *jewel* in the crown of our young *monarch*; and though not the *brightest*, and most *glaring*, yet is not less *valuable*.——We should be uneasy was the isle of *Wight*, so nearly situate to our *coast*, in the hands of an enemy; and

Belleisle

Belleisle borders almost on *Britany*, as the before-mentioned *island* does on *Hampshire*.

In short, my lord, while no particular *party* or *faction*, rage at home, (and those days are truly at an end) we need never fear an enemy abroad.——Whether *Schweidnitz* is taken by storm or surprize, or whether *Olmütz*, or *Colberg*, or even *Magdeburgh*, are defended or attacked so as to be carried by a *coup de main*, we here can sing a song under our own vine;——and though *Change-Alley* screech-owls may lance our ears with hideous sounds of *Turks* advancing or retiring, *Tartars* in arms, a *Czarina* deposed, or a grand *vizier* strangled, our vallies still rejoice and sing;——our granaries still burst with stores; and our oxen stand by thousands, and ten thousands in our streets.

The dismal paragraphs we read of *ravaged* countries, three degrees more southward, or to the north, to the east, or to the west, while we are not connected particularly, or generally, with the inhabitants, should affect us no more (but as humanity teaches us to pity the distressed) than the dead letter of a *Roman*, or *Grecian* history so many hundred years since.——*Calmuks*, or *Cossacs*, *Sclavonians* or *Pandours*, with all that calendar of *Anthropophagi*, or *men-eaters*, should in fact touch us no more than a town in *Muscovy* on fire; and which it is out of our reach or power to extinguish.

Yet so dearly do we seem to love blood, even without our money paying for it, that in the profoundest hour of peace, as to ourselves, the morning-gown and slippered politicians are watching the affairs even of *Tunis* and *Algiers*; and are as happy when the former or latter have began to march, as if *Daun* was surprising the king of *Prussia* in his camp of *Hoch-Kirken*.——I would recommend all these to see the farce of the *Upkollerer*.——

While this, I may say, unhappy *passion* reigns among us, we shall ever be eager to squander *millions*;—and not thinking that the expence will be so *hereditary*, as we find it in fact turn out in the end, the first grant begets a second, and so we run the race that is set before us, 'till we are fairly out of breath.

The king of *Prussia*, then, thanks to our inexhaustible friendship, not only keeps the field, but has no fixed dominion to settle at, 'till a peace is settled.——Had he not been so powerfully assisted by us, perhaps the *miseries* himself and country have sustained, would have awaked him so as to listen to terms of accommodation before.——I will not resign my conquests, says one: I will not give up my right, says another: the poor innocent individuals must still oppose their foreheads to Russian or Austrian iron e'er this is decided;—and 'till that day, near a million a year must pass the channel, to support the obstinacy of one, and preserve the intrepidity of the other.

Thus are we ever between two fires! but such fires as will not easily be extinguished:—nor is it enough to say with the simple *Hibernian*, that he was only a passenger, while the ship is sinking;—for whether a blunder or a jest, the case is equally fatal.

I used to attend that great academy of the nation, the *House of Commons*, when your lordship, before your worthy father's death, was a respectable member of that house, and before you were advanced, if real virtue and merit want such assistances, to the dignity of *peerage*.——I never, even in the remotest avenues of those two august assemblies, heard even a whisper, much less saw the shadow of a murmur, against the vote for the service of the navy,—the reasons have all been recapitulated before,——and this tacit consent proves the affection our nation bears to the maritime; and how natural that force is to us.

His

His *late* gracious majesty, as a proof how *near* this service was to himself, his *crown*, and the *prefer-
vation* of that diadem in his august house, chose that the heir *presumptive* to the dominion of these realms should be *nursed* in the school of *Neptune*.—How well he has *answered* the general expectations of a nation, who look up to him as their *future* maritime guardian, may appear by the late city of London's *address*, and his royal highness's benevolent and *bearty* answer thereto; where he declares he shall take a pride to *excel* in that branch of the military, so *welcome* to the inclinations of the people; so *pleasing* to himself, and so *essential* to the true interest of these kingdoms.

Every *public* and *rejoicing* day also rivets this further in the opinion of those who are spectators of his highness in any procession; and, however *irregular* those gentlemen of the short stick may be in their *dress*, or *movements*, I believe it would not be an improper expression to say, they are his royal highness's *life-guards*;—since there is not a man among them, who will not *really* and *truly* venture his life to preserve even his *friend* from danger, much more *himself*.

Flushed with an *assurance* and more than a common *hope* of success, under such a *leader*, what may a nation not expect from one who, so early, *smiled* in the hour of *danger*, and thought so little of his *person*, that, at *St. Cas*, it was not from *intreaty* or *persuasion*, that he went on *board* again, but even by *order*?—Fortune had then, for the first time, *frowned* on us, in our *coast* expeditions,—but the young hero *smiled*, and rose *superior* to all difficulty and danger.

Let the addition of a few years *meliorate* and *mature* his knowledge in *maritime* affairs, (I never flatter, my lord, nor have a view in this expression, as I hope it will rest between ourselves) and, as we
have

have such *proofs*, and undeniable ones too, of his *magnanimity*, when most in the hour of *danger* and *difficulty*, I will not *doubt* but the *naval* history will be replete, hereafter, with the actions of this young maritime hero.

And if our navy has struck such terror, as for three years past it so undoubtedly has done, in our *enemy*, led by only *Commoners*, though personages of most distinguished *merit*, yet it is easy to imagine, what *additional* weight a fleet will ever receive; *led on* by a *prince* whose own brother has laid the plan for his own and *kingdom's* glory.—What the French call the *presentiment* fills me at this very instant; and, I hope, (whenever *another* war shall seem necessary) that no *diversions* will be necessary on the banks of the *Rhine*, the *Wefer*, or the *Ems*.

From that liberality which our nation *shows*, and *proves*, in all their grants, relative to the *sea* service, it is said, there are still *collusions*, among certain people, from the first hour of *building*, to the last minute of *vitrualling* our navy:—I hope this is chiefly a *malicious* reflexion; but be it as it will, our *contractors*, and *commissaries*, live with us, and allowing them to *marode*, a little (or a great deal if you will, for argument's sake) still the money *remains* with us—and all the difference is, that a *comptroller*, or *clerk of the cheque*, by this means, gives his *only*, or *elder* son, a more liberal education, at some *royal* seminary, instead of a *Yorkshire* school, or ten pound *Scotch* academy (still to the advantage of the *kingdom* in *general*, and himself in *particular*) and his daughter appears in a silk gown *every day*, and chariot, perhaps, on *Sundays*, by which means she, also, makes an *alliance* with some principal *Commoner* in the kingdom.

These are English *commissaries*, or *contractors*,—but what shall we say of your B——n's, your Th——'s, your M——'rs, &c. &c. &c. who having *raked*
up

up a compleat *plumb*, purchase, almost a German *sovereignty*, on the banks of the *Elbe*? and, having placed a *ducal* coronet on their *coaches*, (according to the custom of *that* country, and without any dread of *herald's* offices) deny their *mean* origin, and laugh at the *English*, who were, as usual, so very easily bamboozled.

I think, our ministry very judiciously raised a particular officer, and a very necessary one, by the name, stile, and title of an *intendant*, or *overseer-general* of all *forage*, and *waggon-masters*,—nay, even of the *paymaster-general* too, in order the better to keep the *former* to their *duty*, and the *latter* to his *standard*.—This worthy officer, for it was immediately given to the *worthiest* man living, had also the rank of a *major-general*, in the service, in order to give the greater *weight* and *impression* to our so *prudent* intention, and so *laudable* a design.

But after some months stay in *Germany*, the *stream* of corruption, and the *current* of opposition were so strong against him, that he found it difficult to *stem* such a *torrent*;—and, I believe, he retired to *England* without doing any thing further than proving his *intentions* to be for the good of his *country*,—and the which nobody ever *doubted*, who knew, or still has the *honour* to know, the gentleman in question.

You see, my lord, the very best schemes and intentions of our ministry must prove *abortive*, when *contractors*, or *commissaries*, in *Germany* are to be called to account,—The power of *parliament* can always *reach* the very interstices of an *English forage-master's* *finesse* and *cunning*; but *monfieur T*— at *Bremen*, with his brethren of the *long figure*, up the country, will laugh at the *chair* and *mace*, while they can quaff such excellent *old bock*, as our profits to them will afford, in such *quantity*.

Though

Though the *heads* and *principals* of these German pilferers are *English*, yet have they no remedy.—*Receipts* are produced from *boors*, *peasants*, *farmers*, *boatmen*, *couriers*, and *messengers* of all kinds; and these the *heads* must pay.—Thus are they, the *principals*, indemnified at home; nor, can we in justice deny, or dispute, their demand, for which there are such regular *vouchers*.

At *Emden*, I think, we dealt with them properly, or rather paid them in their own coin;—they have received about a moiety, or rather more, of what they pretend we owe them for *boats*, *waggon*s, *carpenters* work, &c. &c. &c. &c. and like *taylors*, or *apothecaries*,—perhaps *lawyers* might be added,—they think themselves underpaid, because we have cut the bill in half.

I fancy they are no *losers* in the main, and though the magistrates declared to some *commissary*, appointed to settle the dispute, and regulate the difference between us, that they were afraid to go out of their *houses*, lest the mob should have insulted them; or, as they added, *tear* them to pieces: yet it was afterwards found, that these respectable *magnifico*'s, and their *magnificentissimo*, the *president*, shared, or would have shared the *lion's* skin between them.

The secretary at war in this city of our magnanimous ally, was, privately, a great *brandy* and *wine* merchant,—and the whole winter that our army was in quarters, about *Meppen*, and *Rhene*, on the banks of the *Ems*, this gentleman, and his adherents, supplied the army with almost every thing.

The very particular dissipation, and disjunction of the *Prussian* territory, has been no small inconvenience to him, since the commencement of the war,—and, I believe, he has found it much cheaper, and easier, to leave the French in quiet and peaceable possession of *Gueldres*, *Wesel*, and the rich dutchy of *Cleves*, than defend those very out-lying estates,—

the

the latter being in the vicinity of the *Austrian Netherlands*, and the very *thorough-fare*, in a direct line, (though, my lord, *entre nous*, they would go at any time a few miles, *right or left*, and make a *detour* of some leagues to squeeze an enemy) for all that part of *Munster*, *Westphalia*, and *Saxony*, where their armies have been wanted.—I say that the dutchy of *Cleves* lying so contiguous to some of the *emprefs's* dominions, it was very natural, that the *first morsel* which the *French* would swallow, was the country in question.

These convenient towns poured out all that *artillery*, and sent forth all those *magazines* which have supported their army at such a great distance from their own country, compared to *former wars*;—for who ever thought, when such a *wonder* was raised that a *French* conquering army were once at *Utrecht*, and parts adjacent, that so many years afterwards they should encamp on the banks of the *Ems*, the *Weser*, and even the *Elbe*?

It is plain then all the *pasquinade* against *madame de Pompadour*, was of no consequence, but only, like as with us, the *Grub-street* of *Grumblers*, and that she rose *superior* to it all, as she still maintains her ground.—Scarce a day past in the *French* camp without a *ballad*, a *madrigal*, an *anagram*, *epigram*, or *rebus*, against her (for the *French*, as your lordship knows, are tolerably adroit at these *minutiae*)—and one of them I remember in particular was tolerably *sarcastical*,—and rather coarse: and let the world into an anecdote of her family, which before they were *strangers* to,—namely, that

“ In spite of all our *care*, *precaution*, and *cunning*, nature will burst forth; and no wonder the *French* army were driven like *sheep* to the *slaughter*, when her grand-father was a *butcher*.”

A a While

While the kingdom of France, then, was governed by the granddaughter of a butcher, "*Si parvis componere magna*" according to Virgil, the city of Emden, I mean, the *British* part of it, was ruled, (and ruled with a rod of iron too) by a baker's wife,—and having something better than bare bread to give away, she wanted not *members* proper for her cabinet secret; and, by an odd accident, her son and heir is of the *Lutheran* church; the *English* clergyman having refused to christianize it in *private*, (for reasons substantial, no doubt) and, by that means, complimented a minister of the other church with half a dozen *ducats*.

To step to the *army* once more, and for the *last* time, such ravages were committed by *forage-masters*, and *contractors*, on the generosity and beneficence of Great-Britain, that more than *one* resigned their employment rather than run the *fery* trial of a strict and p——y enquiry at home.—If they are countenanced from *above*, as many people (though, perhaps, *vainly*) imagine, it but reminds me of four lines in the works of our English Virgil, Mr. Pope, which, as it afterwards turned out, were *justly* levelled at a noble duke of England, then at the head of a most victorious and fortunate army.

"Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,

"Hemm'd round with glory, pilfer cloth, or
"bread.

"As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought,

"Now save a kingdom, and now save a groat."

The picture is *lively*, and more lively as true,—and I wish those who, as I said in the beginning of this paper, and in the very words of *Othello*, make it the *trade of war*, do not *overtrade* us, and bankrupt a nation, while they raise themselves into more than common plenty, even into a *sovereignty*.

I often threaten to have *done*, and yet I go on,—your lordship must thank yourself for this interruption

ruption on your hours of *business*, or minutes of *recreation*, as you imposed the task, though so agreeable an one, upon me.—I resemble, methinks, those kind of visitors who call on their friends in a morning *en passant*, and just to ask how they do, when what betwixt *one* little story and *another*, intermingled, as usual, with the *essence of scandal*, they tarry dinner; perhaps, pass their very evening at the place, to the dissatisfaction of every inhabitant of the house, except the *butler*, and *foot-man*,—the first of whom gives you *small beer*, always when you ask for *wine*, and would also be a strict follower of the letter of the *scripture*, by holding a *stone* to you instead of *bread*, if you neglect him at your departure: and the *latter*, if your shilling is *diurnal*, will certainly give you your *own* hat and gloves,—though in general he is clever in the affair of *exchange*,—that kind of exchange, which happily makes it no robbery.

My lord, if a *German* war must always be held necessary to make a favourable *diversion*, in order to employ the *French*, while we pursue plans in the *East* or *West-Indies*; or, rather, *North America*: we shall be in the situation of that person whose *capital* house was suffered to decay, while he was always building, and repairing the *out-offices*.—The swarms of *French* troops which, it has been said, would otherwise have been poured into *America*, would have wanted *ships* to carry them,—and supposing they had plenty of all such necessary craft, cannot our fleet, which, as I have proved before, costs us *nothing* almost, always intercept them, and conduct them to *England* to make a glorious balance of prisoners? *Broglie's* and *Soubize's* armies, if not employed by us in *defending* the electorate, would now have all, or most of them, been at their works of *trade* and *agriculture*,—for the *French*,

but for our so strict and very immediate *opposition*, would never, and could never, have supported even twenty regiments on the *Hanoverian* side of the *Rhine*.

And so *natural* does our *meeting* the French army in those quarters seem to every Englishman, in contradistinction to the *sad* business we have been employed about so long, that every common soldier, wounded at *Wesel*, (and I mentioned the *affair* and *name*, in particular of one, — viz. in general *Griffin's*) felt less of the anguish because he got the ball on the *other* side, or, as they call it, *over* the *Rhine*.

The idea of driving the *French* up to the very gates of *Paris*, still subsists among those who have heard their fathers, or grandfathers, recount the times of a *Marlborough* and *Cadogan*; — and I would venture to lay an even *bett*, nay, *odds*, that on the return of our army, (if such a favourable circumstance should ever happen, by the French *mistaking*, and which they are not apt to do, the cutting off our communication from *Germany* by the chanel of the *Weser* and *Ems*) that examine any wounded man almost, and he will change the history of his wound from where he *really* got it, to convince you that he was *once* during the war on the other side of the *Rhine*; — and let him enjoy the pleasing fallacy I were I his *comrade*, and at his elbow, I would not turn evidence against him, nor declare the *truth*, the whole *truth*, and nothing *but* the *truth*.

There was a particular instance of the other *frenzy*, which I will here call the *Prussian* one, among most of our soldiers, and which I believe is now pretty well worn out, and that was always calling the town and county of *Minden*, by the name, stile, and title of *Prussian Minden*. — Were there *two* such places, I should not condemn the folly; but *Munden*, belonging to the electorate, sounds as different

ferent in my ears as *Portsmouth* and *Plymouth*, *Chester*, or *Chichester*.

And yet *Prussia* was then such a darling name, and subject, that every soldier, wounded at *Prussian Minden*, smiled to think what *pitiful*, and *wondrous pitiful*, stories he should tell of his fighting for our magnanimous ally upon the plains of *Prussia* itself, though so many miles from it;—but then all was *Prussia*, and though *E. Friesland* had not been in *Frederic III's* hands many years, and hardly acknowledged to be his now, by the very *natives*, as well as some *rival* heir, (more particularly the house of *Cannitz*) yet every soldier who wrote to his *honoured mother*, or *dear wife*, dated his letter on first landing, “From *Emden*, in *Prussian land*,”—and not *East-Friesland*—no, my lord, *East Friesland* would have been a poor sound in the ears of our *pantaloons* politicians at home, compared to the more sonorous ones of *Prussia*, *Magdeburgh*, and *Brandeburgh*,—and I can imagine hereafter, that the name of both will be so odious, that many a soldier really wounded at *Prussian Minden*, will change the name of the place, glorious as *that* day was, and will be, in history, and rather say he got it *over the Rhine*,—though a day of no very great honour to *this* nation.

On reviewing the former part of this rhapsodical letter, or rather recapitulation of *several*, sent at so many different times, many of which miscarried,—and the which has occasioned this request of your lordship, that I would *string my anecdotes* afresh, as you stile it, and not improperly,—I find a *mistake* or *two*,—and that is when I said the fifty-first battalion first past to *Emden*, in order to shew the hurry we were in to succour *Germany*, that they never *retouched* their native shore, on their return from *Rochefort's* strange expedition,—whereas, I now recollect, that they were some few months quartered here,

here, before they entered, as the *van* of a future British army on *Prussian* land, as it is so commonly called.

Such little mistakes as these will convince every one at ——— castle, that I have no view but to *amuse* them,——and should any unkind copyist attempt to steal any part of these my *reveries* into the press, pray let him know, that I am intimate with some of the *critical reviewers*, and will spoil his *intention*, by spoiling the *sale* of it.

Should I ever be called on by your lordship, in the more *serious* department of an *argumentative* writer, and be requested by one whom I dare not refuse, to hand down to posterity, which *print* somehow or other unhappily does, what I have seen *further*,—I believe this my motto might have the rest of the line added——and to the *quæque, ipse, miserimi vidi*, should be added, *et quorum pars magna fui*.

But the most melancholy of all our sufferings is, that after always being put upon the post of honour, as it is called, though only a nick-name for a *broken head*, at least, we seldom have the *merit* of any part of the action,—generals with *hard* names, and regiments with *almost inexpressible* ones, run away with all our honour and pleasure,——that poor recompence, like the promise of *to-morrow*, (as Mr. *Johnson* so elegantly tells us, in his tragedy of *Irene*) to a soldier *sinking* under arms,—and enduring, rather than *bearing* the burthen of the day.

So that gain what points we will in *Germany*, our motto, like my neighbour the D—n of D—n's, will and must be *vix ea nostra voco*.—Nor have I forgot my *school* learning, so as to overlook the *sic vos, non vobis*, of our favourite *Virgil*.

Your lordship only can know, next myself, what joy I feel in overlooking the *park* from this elegant situation,—and were I not now and then, when at home, and in my fore-room, reminded of the *pomp* and

and *circumstance of war*, by the royal guard, passing and repassing to *relieve*, and be *relieved*, I could almost think myself an independant gentleman; *trees, cows, water*, and sometimes *sunshine*, (I might say *always* so, if compared to *Germany*) joined to my brown coat, for all *scarlet* is at an end here with me, make me feel an happiness which few of my friends in *Germany*, I fear, are sensible of.

But it will be rather a melancholy sight on the relanding of our troops, to see a diminution of perhaps *half*, if my letters inform me well, of our *men* and *horses*, without accounting for that so serious a deduction, by any other method than the wicked supplies of *commissaries*,—who have done more by keeping from us our *provisions*, than *Broglio*, or *Soubize*, were ever capable of performing with one hundred and twenty thousand men, and their pretended invincibles the *Gens D'armes*, and *carabini-ers* of *France*.

It is by *comparison* we judge of *happiness* or *misery*. When I get to my snug and pretty —shire farm, and see my little *menagerie* of necessary animals around me, I can almost be vain enough to repeat to myself in *private*, at least, if not *aloud*, what the great Mr. *Tickell* addresses, in his truly elegant poem on the *prospect of peace*, to a *then* much greater hero than ever I would wish to be,—as I sincerely hate the *trade*, as well as *pomp and circumstance of war*—

“ Sweet Solitude! when life's gay hours are past,

“ Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last.

“ Tost through tempestuous seas, our voyage o'er,

“ Pale, we look back, and bless the friendly shore!

“ Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,

“ And ask, if *glory* has enlarg'd the span?

“ If *bright* the prospect, we the grave defy;

“ Trust *future ages*, and *contented* die.”

I have the honour

To be of your lordship,

The most faithful, &c. &c.

Nov. 24,
1761.

and circumstances of war, by the royal guard, pulling
and repelling to others, and be reversed, I could al-
most think myself an independent gentleman, a free
man, and sometimes (indeed, I might say)
always so, if compared to Germany, joined to my
brown coat, for all I wish is at an end here with
me, make me feel an happiness which few of my
friends in Germany, I fear, are capable of.

But it will be rather a scholarly fight on the
relating of our troops, to the termination of per-
haps far, if my letters inform me well, of our war
and power, without accounting for what is known a
debation, by any other method than the wicked
fancies of common sense.

ERRATA.

Page 1. l. 16. dele *vobis*. P. 3. l. 32. after *and*, insert *almost*. P. 5. l. 1. v.
after *the*, insert *illustrious and notorious*. P. 6. l. 22. close the parenthesis. P. 14.
l. 11. *no thanks to his majesty*, in a parenthesis. P. 20. l. 35. before *strict*, insert
a. P. 21. l. 36. for *Mindelsheim*, read *Mindelheim*, l. 38. for *Juliers and Bergues*,
always read *Guldras*. P. 27. l. 23. instead of *bring*, read *to bring*. P. 28. last
line, instead of *do*, read *sa*. P. 29. l. 13. comma after *Frederic II.* P. 33. l. 3.
dele *vobis*. P. 45. l. 4. read, *in a familiar*. P. 57. l. 12. after *short a*—
or *admiration point*. P. 60. l. 24. *undersell*. P. 64. l. 25. the point ? after
then. P. 70. l. 29. read *tranquillity*. P. 80. l. 15. *fortifications*. P. 142. l. 1.
read *commissariate*, l. 9. instead of *waive*, read *terms*, l. 10. instead of *heard*, read
waive, l. 11. *person* in the *singular*, *my* *comport*. P. 190. l. 4. after *link*,
semicolon. P. 165. l. 3. *patients*. P. 166. l. 26. read *serve*. After *Car-*
richfurgus, in the last line, read an *absolute* *stabilised*—the French have but few.
P. 282. l. 18. read *miserrima*.

on the prospect of peace, to a very much greater extent
than ever I would wish to be—as I honestly have
the trade, as well as some and circumstances of war—
“Sweet Solitude! when the day hours are past,
“However we range, in time we fix at last
“I for though tempestuous seas, our voyage o’er,
“Tide, we look back, and bless the friendly shore!
“Our own kind judges, our past life we scan,
“And ask, if glory has enlarged the span,
“If bright the prospect, we the grave delay,
“Truth, however, and contentment die.”
I have the honour

To be of your friendship
The most faithful, &c. &c.